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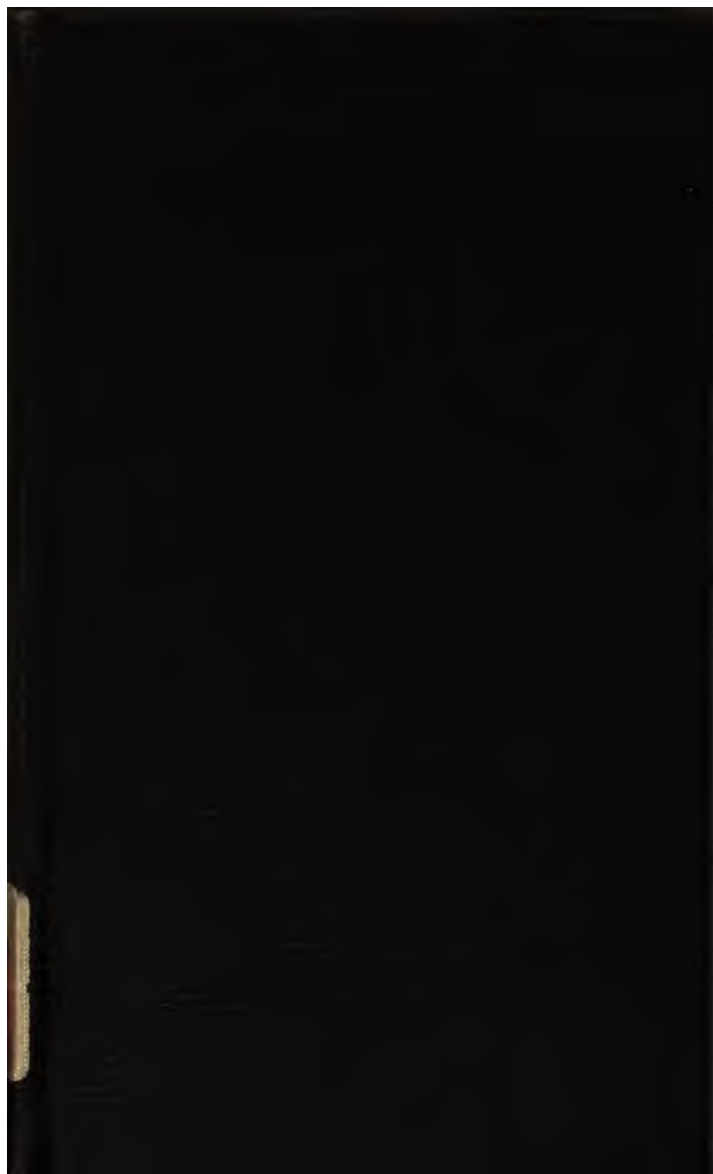
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INTROITS AND HYMNS,

WITH SOME

ANTHEMS

ADAPTED TO THE

Seasons of the Christian Year.

[Geo. Cosby White, ed.]

FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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NOTICE.

THE Compiler of this Collection of Hymns does not feel it necessary to make any apology for adding to the number of Hymnals already in existence. At present, (and for every reason we ought to be thankful that it is so,) none can claim the slightest degree of authority, and it is clearly competent to any individual to do what he can in furtherance of the revival of a more correct Hymnology.

A third edition of this Collection having been called for, the Compiler has added some miscellaneous hymns for the season from Trinity to Advent, in compliance with the wishes of those by whom it is used. In all other respects it remains unaltered.

The following Hymns in this Collection are translated by the Rev. Edward Caswall, and are inserted by his permission. Nos. 19, 28, 29, 30, 31, 44, 45, 46, 53, 55, 62, 71, 80, 89, 94, 100, 102, 117, 119, 122, 124, 133, 142, 147, 155, 160, 164, 172, and the Hymn for Good Friday.

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INTROITS.

ADVENT.

Isaiah xlv. 8.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.

Psalm xix. 1.

The heavens declare the glory of GOD: and the firmament sheweth His handy work.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

CHRISTMAS.

At the first celebration on Christmas Day.

"Ye faithful, approach ye," &c.

Hymn 18. Page 10.

At the later celebration on Christmas Day, and till Septuagesima.

Isaiah ix. 6.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty GOD, the Everlasting FATHER, the Prince of Peace.

Psalm xcvi. 1.

O sing unto the LORD a new song: for He hath done marvellous things.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

THE EPIPHANY.

Behold the LORD, the Ruler is come ; and dominion, power, and empire are in His hand.

Psalm lxxii. 1.

Give the king Thy judgments, O GOD : and Thy righteousness unto the king's son.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

FROM SEPTUAGESIMA TO PASSION SUNDAY.

Psalm xviii. 3—6.

The sorrows of death compassed me : and the overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid.

The pains of hell came about me : the snares of death overtook me.

In my trouble I will call upon the LORD : and complain unto my GOD.

So shall He hear my voice out of His holy temple : and my complaint shall come before Him, it shall enter even into His ears.

Psalm xviii. 1.

I will love Thee, O LORD, my strength ; the LORD is my stony rock, and my defence : my SAVIOUR, my GOD, and my might, in Whom I will trust, my buckler, the horn also of my salvation, and my refuge.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

FROM PASSION SUNDAY TO EASTER.

Phil. ii. 8, 9.

Our LORD JESUS CHRIST humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore GOD hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.

Psalm lxxxix. 1.

My song shall be always of the loving-kindness
of the LORD : with my mouth will I ever be showing
Thy truth from one generation to another.

EASTER DAY.

At the first celebration.

"JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia," &c.
Hymn 68. Page 50.

At the later celebration.

Psalm cxxxix. 18, 4, 5.

I wake up and am present with Thee. Alleluia.
Thou hast laid Thine hand upon me. Alleluia.
Thy knowledge is become wonderful. Alleluia,
Alleluia.

Psalm cxxxix. 1.

O LORD, Thou hast searched me out, and known
me : Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine
up-rising.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.
As it was in the beginning, &c.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

Exodus xiii. 5, 8.

The LORD hath brought thee into the land flowing
with milk and honey. Alleluia.

That the LORD's law may be in thy mouth.
Alleluia, Alleluia.

Psalm cv. 1.

O give thanks unto the LORD, and call upon His
Name : tell the people what things He hath done.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.
As it was in the beginning, &c.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us : Alleluia : therefore let us keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Alleluia. Alleluia.

Psalm cxviii. 24.

This is the day which the LORD hath made : we will rejoice, and be glad in it.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

ASCENSION DAY.

At the early celebration.

Psalm xlvii. 5.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise ; and the LORD with the sound of the trumpet. Alleluia.

Psalm lxviii. 18.

Thou art gone up on high : Thou hast led captivity captive.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

At the later celebration and throughout the Octave.

Acts i. 11.

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven ? This same JESUS, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen Him go into heaven. Alleluia.

Psalm xlvii. 1.

O clap your hands together, all ye people : O sing unto GOD with the voice of melody !

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

At the early celebration.

"Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire," &c.
Hymn 87. Page 65.

At the later celebration, and till Trinity Sunday.

Wisdom i. 7.

The Spirit of the LORD filleth the world : and
that which containeth all things hath knowledge
of the voice. Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

Psalm lxxviii. 1.

Let GOD arise, and let His enemies be scattered :
let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Blessed be the Holy Trinity, and the undivided
Unity : we will give glory to Him, because He
hath shown His mercy upon us.

Psalm viii. 1.

O LORD, our Governor : how excellent is Thy
Name in all the world !

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

I will go unto the altar of GOD, even the GOD
of my joy and gladness.

Psalm xliii.

Give sentence with me, O GOD, and defend my
cause against the ungodly people : O deliver me
from the deceitful and wicked man.

For Thou art the GOD of my strength, why hast
Thou put me from Thee : and why go I so heavily,
while the enemy oppresseth me ?

O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me : and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of GOD, even unto the GOD of my joy and gladness : and upon the harp will I give thanks unto Thee, O GOD, my GOD.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ?

O put thy trust in GOD : for I will yet give Him thanks, which is the help of my countenance and my GOD.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES.

Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth : they shall remember Thy Name, O LORD.

Psalm xlv.

Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

PURIFICATION OF S. MARY.

Psalm xlviii. 8, 9.

We wait for Thy loving-kindness, O GOD : in the midst of Thy temple.

O GOD, according to Thy Name, so is Thy praise unto the world's end : Thy right Hand is full of righteousness.

Psalm xlviii. 1.

Great is the LORD, and highly to be praised : in the city of our GOD, even upon His holy hill.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Isaiah xlv. 8.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.

Psalm lxxxv. 1.

LORD, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land :
Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

Isaiah xlix. 1.

The LORD hath called me from the womb :
from the bowels of my mother hath He made mention of my name. And He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword, in the shadow of His Hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft.

Psalm cxxxix. 1.

O LORD, Thou hast searched me out and known me : Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Psalm ciii. 20.

O praise the LORD, all ye His Angels, ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil His Commandment, and hearken to the voice of His Word.

Psalm ciii. 1.

Praise the LORD, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

ALL SAINTS.

Let us all rejoice in the LORD, celebrating a festival-day in honour of all the Saints, at whose solemnity the Angels rejoice, and give praise to the SON of GOD.

Psalm xxxiii.

Rejoice in the LORD, O ye righteous : for it becometh well the just to be thankful.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

THE FEAST OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Gen. xxviii.

How dreadful is this place ! this is none other but the house of GOD, and this is the gate of Heaven.

Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2.

• O how amiable are Thy dwellings : Thou LORD of hosts !

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the LORD : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living GOD.

Glory be to the FATHER, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

Adbent.

"Blessed is He Who cometh in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!"

1. CREATOR of the starry height,
Of hearts believing endless Light,
JESU, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,
Thy suppliants' vows in pity hear;
Who, lest the earth, through evil eye
Of treacherous fiend should waste and die
With mighty love instinct, wert made
Th' expiring world's all-healing Aid;
Who to the Cross, that world to win
From common stain of common sin,
From Virgin shrine, a Virgin Birth,
A spotless Victim issuest forth.
At vision of Whose glory bright,
At mention of Whose Name of might,
Angels on high and fiends below
In reverence or in trembling bow.
Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,
Great Umpire of the last dread day,
Protect us through th' unearthly fight
With armour of celestial light.
To GOD, the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY GHOST all praise be done
All honour, might, and glory be,
Through all the long eternity.

"But now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

- 2.** WORD of the Eternal FATHER's might,
 Proceeding from His Bosom bright,
 Who, now the times wax old, art born,
 Sole Succour of a world outworn;
 Our darkling bosoms, LORD, illume,
 And with Thine own true love consume,
 That, wean'd from fading things below
 The heart celestial joys may know:
 So, when the Judge's sentence dire
 Consigns the accurs'd to endless fire;
 And voice of welcome bids arise
 The righteous to their destin'd skies;
 We writhe not in the darksome flood,
 The fiery gulf's undying food,
 But cleans'd the Face of GOD to see,
 In Heaven's delights entranc'd may be.
 To FATHER, and co-equal SON,
 And Thee, Blest Spirit, Three in One,
 As aye it was, and aye shall be,
 All praise through all eternity!

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

- 3.** WHAT thrilling voice through midnight peals,
 Which every dark recess reveals?
 Away, pale dreams, dim shadows fly,
 Lo, JESUS lightens from on high.
 Now let the sluggard soul spring forth,
 Nor longer lie enchain'd on earth;
 All breath of ill dispelling far,
 Bright peers the new-born Morning Star.
 Behold the LAMB, sent down below,
 Himself to pay the debt we owe;
 O let us all with tears most due
 For that His dear-bought pardon sue.

That, when He shall again appear,
And wrap the world in sudden fear,
His utmost wrath He may not wreak,
But shield us for His pity's sake.

To GOD, the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, all praise be done,
All honour, might, and glory be,
Through all the long eternity

"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."

4. THE Advent of our King and God,
Our prayers must now employ;
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.

Nor doth the everlasting SON
Abhor the Virgin's womb:
That we from bondage may be won,
He bears a servant's doom.

Gentle and meek He comes; arise,
Sion, behold thy King,
And haste to meet Him, nor despise
The peace He deigns to bring.

He shall return the Judge e'en now
On clouds with lightning riven,
And His own body left below
In triumph bear to Heaven.

Let crimes, the brood of night depart
From the approaching morn;
And the old Adam of the heart
Before the newly-born.

All praise, while endless ages run,
To FATHER ever blest,
To SPIRIT, and eternal SON,
In flesh made manifest.

"Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee."

5. ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the LORD is nigh :
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand ;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

Then cleans'd be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest !
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For CHRIST to come and enter there.

For Thou art our Salvation, LORD,
Our Refuge, and our sure reward,
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decay'd.

Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

To Him, Who left the throne of Heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given ;
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One.

"Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven :
and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn . . . men's
hearts failing them for very fear."

6. DAY of wrath ! O day of mourning !
See ! once more the Cross returning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.
O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !

Death is struck, and nature quaking—
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making !

Lo ! the books exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded !—
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of Pity ! then befriend us.

Think, kind JESU,—my salvation
Caus'd Thy wondrous Incarnation—
Leave me not to reprobation !

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me ;—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion !

Guilty, now, I pour my moaning
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O GOD, Thy suppliant groaning !

Thou the sinful woman savest—
Thou the dying thief forgavest—
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favoured sheep O place me!
 Nor among the goats abase me,
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
 Call me! with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart submission—
 See, like ashes, my contrition—
 Help me in my last condition!

Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
 From the dust of earth returning,

Man for judgment must prepare him—
 Spare, O GOD, in mercy spare him

LORD, all-pitying JESU, blest,
 Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Amen.

“The Desire of all nations shall come.”

- 7.** AND now with shades of night oppress,
 When weary limbs are laid at rest,
 The faithful soul shall wake and weep,
 And unto Thee her vigils keep.

Health of the world, the FATHER's word,
 By whom our untold prayers are heard,
 Desire of nations, hear our sighs,
 And raise us from our miseries.

Why do Thy wheels so long delay?
 Come Thou and cast our chains away?
 And ope the heavenly doors again,
 Which Adam's crime hath closed amain

Praise to the SON, Who cometh down,
To make lost man again His own,
Praise be throughout the days of Heaven,
To FATHER and to SPIRIT given.

“Behold He cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see Him.”

8. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the dread MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints by men rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!

Angels, martyrs, all are there!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
SAVIOUR! take the power and glory,
Make Thy righteous sentence known!
O, come quickly,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own!

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat upon it."

9. GREAT GOD ! what do I see and hear ?

The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead that they contain'd before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in CHRIST are first to rise,
And greet th' archangel's warning ;
To meet the SAVIOUR in the skies,
On this most awful morning ;
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead that they contain'd before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

His Cross, dread sign, in heav'n appears ;
While stoutest hearts are quailing ;
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead that they contain'd before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

My Judge, O grant me to ascend
Before Thy throne immortal,
When thousand thousands Thee attend,
And enter Heav'n's high portal.
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead that they contain'd before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

"He that is least in the kingdom of heaven, is greater than he."

10. WHEN CHRIST the LORD would come on earth,

His messenger before Him went ;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charg'd with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
 Hath honour greater far than he;
 He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
 His Body and His Spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
 Of water and the Spirit born;
 He the last star of parting night,
 And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word,
 And joy'd to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 Thus may Thy pastors teach, O LORD,
 And thus Thy list'ning Church rejoice!

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom Heaven and earth adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

*The following Anthems are to be used at Evening
 Prayer after the Third Collect.*

11. Dec. 16.

O WISDOM, Which camest out of the mouth of
 the Most High, reaching from one end to another,
 mightily and sweetly ordering all things; Come
 and teach us the way of understanding.

12. Dec. 17.

O LORD and Ruler of the house of Israel, Who
 appearedst to Moses in a flame of fire in the bush,
 and gavest him the law in Sinai; Come and deli-
 ver us with an outstretched arm.

13. Dec. 18.

O ROOT of Jesse, Which standest for an ensign
 of the people, at Whom the kings shall shut their
 mouths, Thou to Whom the Gentiles shall seek;
 Come and deliver us now, tarry not.

14.

Dec. 19.

O KEY of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel, Thou that openest and no man shutteth, and shuttest and no man openeth; Come and bring the prisoner out of the prison-house, and him that sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death.

15.

Dec. 20.

O ORIENT Brightness of the Everlasting Light, and Sun of Righteousness; Come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

16.

Dec. 22.

O KING and Desire of all nations, Thou Corner-stone, Who hast made both one; Come and save man, whom Thou formedst from the clay.

17.

Dec. 23.

O EMMANUEL, our King and Lawgiver, Hope of the Gentiles, and their SAVIOUR; Come and save us, O LORD our GOD.

Christmas.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."

18.

YE faithful, approach ye,
Joyfully triumphing,

O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

GOD of GOD,
 Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's Womb;
 Very GOD,
 Begotten, not created :
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, **CHRIST the LORD.**
 Sing, choirs of Angels,
 Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above,
 Glory to GOD
 In the Highest :
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, **CHRIST the LORD**
 Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning :
JESU, to Thee be glory given,
 Word of the FATHER
 Late in flesh appearing :
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, **CHRIST the LORD.**

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

- 19. JESU, Redeemer of the world !**
 Who in the earliest dawn of Light
 Wast from eternal ages born,
 Immense in glory as in might.
 Immortal Hope of all mankind !
 In Whom the FATHER's face we see,
 Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour
 This day throughout the world to Thee.
 Remember, O Creator LORD !
 That in the Virgin's sacred womb
 Thou wast conceiv'd, and of her flesh
 Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day
 Its witness bears that all alone
 From Thy Own FATHER's bosom forth
 To save the world Thou camest down.

O Day! to which the seas and sky
 And earth and Heav'n, glad welcome sing,
 O Day! which heal'd our misery,
 And brought on earth salvation's King.

We too, O LORD, who have been cleansed
 In Thy Own fount of Blood divine,
 Offer the tribute of sweet song
 On this blest natal day of Thine.

O JESU, born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to Thee,
 Praise to the FATHER infinite,
 And HOLY GHOST eternally.

"He took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man."

20. FROM far sunrise at early morn
 To earth's remotest ring,
 Of Mary Virgin-Mother born
 We carol CHRIST our King.

He comes the world's blest Maker He
 In servile guise arrayed,
 By Flesh our sin-bound flesh to free
 And save the souls He made.

Abhorring not the hay-strewn shed,
 In manger, lo, He lies;
 With little drops of milk is fed,
 Who stills creation's cries.

The Heavenly hosts His Birthday keep,
 The Angels round Him sing,
 The Shepherds view with wonder deep
 Earth's Shepherd, LORD, and King.

JESU, the Virgin-Mother's SON,
 To Thee all glory be,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Through all eternity.

"God sent forth His SON, made of a woman,
 Let all the Angels of God worship Him."

21. CEASE, weary mortals, cease to sigh,
 For GOD hath heard you from on high :
 E'en now He sendeth from above
 The Prince of Peace, the LORD of Love.

The silence of the night profound
 Is broken by a heavenly sound ;
 The Angel host to mortal ear
 Announcing that the LORD is near.

So while the Shepherds' feet are led
 Within the SAVIOUR's lowly shed
 We too will contemplate the sight,
 The wonder that is brought to light.

Thither in fancy we repair :
 We enter in : what see we there ?
 A stall, a manger rudely piled,
 A Mother, and an Infant Child.

Can this be He, the LORD of Grace,
 The Brightness of His FATHER's Face ?
 Can this be He, Who rules the land,
 And holds the ocean in His Hand ?

It is : Faith penetrates the clouds,
 The darkness that His glory shrouds :
 It is indeed the Mighty LORD,
 By Angels worshipp'd and ador'd.

E'en here the Teacher we discern :
 E'en now the lesson we may learn :
 With Him, from worldly pride be pure,
 Meekly with Him, thy woes endure,

O holy Babe, Thy love inspire;
Repress in us each vain desire;
And thus Thy saving grace impart
To each believer's new-born heart.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

22. HARK! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconcil'd!

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' Angelic host proclaim,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem!

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST the everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, Incarnate Deity;
Pleas'd as man with man t' appear,
JESUS our Immanuel here.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that men no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

"Unto you is born this day a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST the LORD."

23. WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down.
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
The SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD,
And this shall be the sign :

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising GOD, and thus
Address'd their joyful song :—

"All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease."

S. Stephen's Day.

"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon GOD, and saying
LORD JESUS, receive my spirit."

24. OF Thy true soldiers, mighty LORD,
The portion, crown, and great reward,
Now as we hymn Thy martyr's fame,
Unloose our bond of sin and blame.

The pleasures of the world he spurn'd,
 From sin's pernicious lures he turn'd,
 But sweet to him was Thy blest Name,
 And thus to heavenly joys he came.

He bravely ran a painful race,
 Enduring with a hero's grace,
 Thee with his blood on earth confess'd,
 With Thee in Heaven for aye is bless'd.

O, as with suppliant voice this day
 To Thee, all-pitying LORD, we pray,
 On this Thy martyr's triumph high,
 Thy servants' chain of guilt untie.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Unceasing praise and glory be,
 Now and through all eternity.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

- 25.** RIGHTFUL prince of martyrs thou,
 Bind thy crown about thy brow!
 Fairer far than fading wreath,
 Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
 Sparkling with thy life-blood shone;
 Nor could stars more brightly shine,
 Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
 Dart a thousand blending beams,
 Till thy glowing countenance
 Lightens to an angel's glance.

Thou the first slain victim free
 To Him the Victim slain for thee;
 Thou the first thy LORD to own,
 Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red sea of blood :—
Prince of martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind!

Thou of virgin-mother born,
In this wintry world forlorn,
JESU, LORD, all praise to Thee :
All glory be to FATHER, SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Unto all eternity.

"I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your FATHER which is in Heaven."

26. HOLY love towards her foes
In mysterious channels flows ;
Bow'd to soothe, or steel'd to blame,
Holy love is still the same.

Pleader for himself he stood :—
Now he falls, his eloquent blood
From the ground for mercy cries,
Pleading for his enemies.

GOD from Heav'n His martyr heard,—
Heard, and bless'd his dying word ;
Saul, the murderer, standing by,
Saul was granted to that cry.

Thus he bowed his drooping head,
Thus his joyous spirit fled :
"JESU, LORD," his offering free,—
"Take the life I owe to Thee."

Death, kind angel, watching nigh,
Sweetly clos'd his tranquil eye ;
Whilst the freed spirit wing'd her flight
From beam to beam, to endless light.

Thou of virgin-mother born,
 In this wintry world forlorn,
 JESU, LORD, all praise to Thee.
 All glory be to FATHER, SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Unto all eternity.

S. John the Evangelist's Hymn.

"The disciple whom JESUS loved."

- 27.** THOU, whom before the rest
 The love of JESUS bless'd ;
 Thou darling of the Incarnate Deity,
 Sharer of all His woes,
 Friend of His dying throes,
 Eye-witness of His awful sovereignty ;
 Too favour'd thou of Heav'n,
 O thou to whom 'twas given
 To touch with mortal hand th' immortal
 LORD ;
 With mortal ear and eye
 To hear and see Him nigh,
 And hold high converse with th' eternal
 Word ;
 How mighty was the boon,
 When oft to thee alone
 Thy LORD in love His secret soul display'd,
 When on His mountain-throne
 To thee reveal'd He shone,
 Full GOD, full man in Deity array'd.
 Thou, as on JESUS' breast
 All peaceful thou dost rest,
 Drink'st of the living streams of Deity,
 Whilst on thy cleansed sense
 With silent influence
 More closely steals His dread Divinity.

O access dread, O bliss
Of mutual love, ere this
To every soul in every age unknown!
When such the altar fire,
That lights thy pure desire,
What countless rays it scatters from its
throne!

Hence art thou ever prov'd
Loving, and ever lov'd;
Hence thy bright brow, and virgin modesty;
Hence all that heavenly beam,
That Angels might beseem,
Pour'd round thy head, a circling galaxy

"He signified it by His Angel unto His servant John, who bare record of all things which he saw."

- 28.** AN exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate LORD,
Beyond the stars,—beyond all space,
Thy soul unprison'd soar'd:
- There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb,
That for our ransom bled:
- There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime,—
How, sown in martyr's blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
- There the new City, bath'd
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.
- How to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all;—O LORD, in me,
This blessed thirst instil

To JESUS, Virgin-born,
Praise with the FATHER be;
Praise to the SPIRIT Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

"The life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness."

29. THE life which GOD's Incarnate Word

Liv'd here below with men,
Three blest Evangelists record,
With Heav'n-inspired pen :

John penetrates on eagle wing
The FATHER's dread abode;
And shows the mystery wherein
The Word subsists with GOD.

Pure Saint! upon his SAVIOUR's breast
Invited to recline,
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
His knowledge all divine :

There too, with that angelic love
Did he his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

O, dear to CHRIST! to thee upon
His cross, of all bereft,
Thou virgin soul, the Virgin Son
His Virgin Mother left.

To JESUS, born of Virgin bright,
Praise with the FATHER be;
Praise to the SPIRIT Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

The Holy Innocents' Day.

"The LORD bringeth the counsels of princes to none effect."

**30. WHEN it reach'd the tyrant's ear,
Brooding anxious all alone,**

That the King of kings was near,
 Who should sit on David's throne :
 Stung with madness, straight he cries,
 " Treason threatens—draw the sword !
 Rebels all around us rise !
 Drown the cradles deep in blood !"
 What is guilty Herod's gain,
 Though a thousand babes he slay ?
 CHRIST, amid a thousand slain,
 Is in safety borne away.
 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's SON !
 With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,
 While eternal ages run.

"These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb."

- 31.** LOVELY flowers of martyrs, hail !
 Smitten by the tyrant foe
 On life's threshold,—as the gale
 Strews the roses ere they blow.
 First to die for CHRIST, sweet lambs
 At the very altar ye,
 With your martyr-crowns and palms,
 Sport in your simplicity.
 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's SON !
 With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,
 While eternal ages run.
-

"They serve God day and night in His temple: they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water."

- 32.** As wolves attack their helpless prey,
 So Herod holds his murd'rous way,
 And hopes, but O ! he hopes in vain,
 To mingle JESUS with the slain.

The cradles flow with infant blood,
But GOD his fury hath withstood :
The LORD alone he sought to slay,
The LORD alone escapes away.

Ye mothers, let no tears be shed ;
Yea, weep not though your babes be dead
For now they stand around the throne,
And JESUS counts them as His own.

The FATHER's Name we loudly raise,
The SON, the Virgin-born we praise,
The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
One GOD, both now and evermore.

The Circumcision of Christ.

* There is none other name under heaven given among men
whereby we must be saved."

33. 'Tis for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain ;
JESU, Thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which CHRIST so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will you madly cast away ?

Rather gladly for that name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost Thou, JESU, condescend
To be call'd the sinner's friend ?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

Glory to the FATHER be ;
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee ;
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Ever from the heavenly host.

"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His name was called JESUS."

- 34.** THE Word, Who dwelt above the skies
With GOD, before the world began,
Now on the virgin's bosom lies,
A helpless new born Child of man.
Already on His sinless head
The streams of wrath begin to flow ;
Already on His infant bed,
The taste of grief the LORD must know.
The lowliest poverty He bears,
That we may be with wealth supplied ;
He weeps, and by His precious tears,
A guilty world is purified.
A simple dress, a mean abode,
A life obscure His glory hide ;
Proud man, behold thy lowly GOD !
And let the sight destroy thy pride.
O Thou, Who camest from the sky
To be the Lamb for sinners slain,
Thou wilt not leave Thy saints to die,
Nor let such toil be spent in vain.
THE FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
The Virgin-born we all adore,
THE HOLY GHOST, One GOD we praise,
Both now on earth, and evermore.
-

"In Whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands."

- 35.** THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou begin'st with woe ;
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

By Blood and Water too,
 GOD's mark is set on Thee,
 That in Thee every faithful view
 Both covenants might see.

O, are we born to tears,
 Cradled in care and woe ?
 And seems it hard our tender years
 Few joys of youth can show ?

And fall the sounds of mirth
 Sad on the lonely heart,
 From all the hopes and charms of earth
 Untimely call'd to part ?

Look here and hold thy peace !
 The Giver of all good
 E'en from the womb takes no release
 From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love,
 First sow in holy fear ;
 So life a winter's morn may prove
 To a bright endless year.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, glory be ;
 As was, and is, and shall be so
 To all eternity.

Epiphany.

"The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the
 brightness of Thy rising."

36. WHY, ruthless Herod, dost thou fear
 Thy GOD should come, thy King appear ?
 He takes not earthly crowns away,
 Who gives the crown that lasts for aye.

The wiser Magi saw from far
 And followed on His guiding star,
 By light their way to Light they trod,
 And hailed with incense-gifts their GOD.

In holy Jordan's purest wave
 The heav'nly Lamb vouchsafed to lave,
 That He, to Whom no sin was known,
 Might cleanse His people from their own.

New miracle of power divine!
 The water reddens into wine:
 He spake the word, and poured the wave
 In other streams than nature gave.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay
 For Thine Epiphany to-day,
 All glory as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to Paraclete. Amen.

"All they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord."

37. THAN mightiest cities mightier far,
 Thou, Bethlehem, with thy crowning star,
 Whose chosen lap receiv'd from Heaven
 The Incarnate LORD, for sinners given;

Star, whose bright glories far outrun
 The radiant axle of the sun,
 Heaven's herald, sent on earth to tell
 That GOD made flesh on earth doth dwell.

Soon as the kings their King behold,
 Their eastern gifts they straight unfold,
 And prostrate all His throne before,
 With incense, gold, and myrrh adore.

Pure incense for their GOD they bring,
 With royal gold salute their King,
 With spices rare, and fragrant myrrh,
 They shadow forth His sepulchre.

JESUS, be Thou for ever bless'd,
 Who to the Gentiles manifest,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Art GOD while endless ages run.

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob."

38. WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shames the sun's less radiant light?
'Tis sent to announce a new-born King,—
Glad tidings of our GOD to bring.

'Tis now fulfilled what GOD decreed,
'From Jacob shall a star proceed :'
The eastern sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.

And soon within their hearts there shine
Rays fairer still and more divine,
Which summon them with force benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay,—
Through toils and dangers lies their way :
And yet their home, their friends, their all,
They leave at once at GOD's high call.

O, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, LORD, to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well!

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise.

"Then I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean, a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."

39. IT is not that the wave can wash our God,
But He doth consecrate the limpid wave ;
Touch'd by His flesh, as by a healing rod,
Water hath learn'd new virtue, strong to save.

The fountain long foretold is open free,
From guilty spot to wash the heart unseen ;
O miracle of wondrous potency,
The flesh is washed, the sin-stain'd soul is clean!

'Tis thus, immersed within the sacred flood,
 The royal purple of the king of woe
 Hath turn'd the natural wave to mystic blood,
 Making robes wash'd therein all white as snow.

The HOLY SPIRIT on a virgin came,
 Thence GOD to us is born in wondrous love;
 Upon the hallowed water came The Same,
 And we therein are born to GOD above.

To Thee, Who wastest the lost world with blood
 All glory be as hath been heretofore;
 With FATHER, and with SPIRIT, only good,
 As hath been is, and shall be evermore.

"Lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is My beloved Son,
 in Whom I am well pleased."

40. Now JESUS lifts His prayer on high,
 Emerging from the stream;
 And lo! descending from the sky,
 The SPIRIT's radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beauteous dove,
 To rest on Him alone;
 "This," saith the voice of GOD above,
 "Is My beloved SON."

So those on whom is duly pour'd
 The bless'd baptismal wave,
 They too are children of the LORD,
 They too may ask and have.

Theirs is the holy purity,
 And meekness of the dove;
 To them the HOLY GHOST is nigh,
 To fill their souls with love.

LORD, since Thou hast remov'd our stain
 In that most holy flood,
 May no fresh sin destroy again
 'The cleansing of Thy blood!

Praise to the SON, through Whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost ;
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And to the HOLY GHOST.

“ And He went down to them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.”

- 41.** IN stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before His eyes ;
A Lamb unblemish'd, meek and mild,
Prepar'd for Sacrifice.
- The SON of GOD His glory hides
With parents mean and poor :
And He, Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.
- Those mighty hands that stay the sky,
No earthly toil refuse,
And He, Who set the stars on high,
An humble trade pursues.
- He Whom the choirs of Angels praise,
At Whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys,
And lays His glory by.
- The FATHER's Name we loudly raise,
The SON we all adore,
The HOLY GHOST, One GOD, we praise
Both now and evermore.
-

“ He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.”

- 42.** THROUGH Judah's land the SAVIOUR walks,
The word of life to teach :
His own He seeks : His own refuse
To hearken to His speech.
- And yet the miracles He works
The SON of GOD proclaim ;
The deaf can hear, the dumb pronounce,
The great MESSIAH's Name.

But no ! they turn their ears away,
His doctrine they repel ;
They hate the sun, for ah ! they love
Their night of sin too well.

But we, O GOD, Thy light desire
That shines so bright, so fair ;
O guard our hearts, and let there be
No love of darkness there.

O ever on Thy chosen saints
Such blessings, LORD, bestow
O may Thy truth for ever shine,
Thy love for ever glow !

**To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Be glory from the saints on earth,
And from the heavenly host.**

"Alleluia ! for the LORD GOD Omnipotent reigneth."

43. ALLELUIA! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love.
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

**Alleluia ! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky !
Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
Lift ye saints, this strain on high !
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.**

**Alleluia! strains of gladness,
Suits not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.**

But our earnest supplication,
 Holy GOD! we raise to Thee:
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Make us all Thy joys to see.
 Alleluia!
 Ours at length this strain shall be.

"Thou shalt call His Name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins."

- 44.** JESU! the very thought of Thee,
 With sweetness fills my breast:
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
 O SAVIOUR of mankind!
- O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!
- But what to those who find? ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of JESUS, what it is,
 None but His lov'd ones know.
- JESU! our only Joy be Thou,
 As Thou our Prize wilt be;
 JESU! be Thou our Glory now,
 And through eternity.
-

"A Name that is above every name."

- 45.** O JESU! King most wonderful!
 Thou Conqueror renown'd!
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
 In Whom all joys are found!
- When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,

Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O JESU! Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire.

May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

"At the Name of JESUS every knee shall bow."

- 46.** O JESU! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.
- Celestial sweetness unalloy'd!
Who eat Thee, hunger still,
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which nought but Thou can fill.
- O my sweet JESU! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end!
- Stay with us, LORD, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night
And fill the world with bliss.
- O JESU! spotless Virgin Flower!
Our life and joy! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude and power,
Through all eternity.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"

- 47.** HOLY JESUS, SAVIOUR bless'd,
As, by passion strong possess'd
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way

Holy JESUS, when the night
Of error blinds our clouded sight,
Round the cheering day to throw,
SAVIOUR, then the Truth art Thou.

Holy JESUS, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the FATHER come,
Who the FATHER's presence see,
JESUS, he must come by Thee.

Channel of the FATHER's Grace,
Image of the FATHER's Face,
SAVIOUR bless'd, Incarnate SON,
With the FATHER Thou art One.

Glory to the FATHER be ;
Glory, only SON, to Thee ;
And, of equal power confess'd,
Glory to the SPIRIT bless'd.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

- 48.** O THOU, Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where JESUS lay :

Though by a star Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below ;
Yet Thy good Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

Though now we know Thee but in part,
'Tis written in Thy word,

That "blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the LORD."

O SAVIOUR, give, as then, Thy grace
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face,
Hereafter, as Thou art!

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth all praise be done,
And by the heav'nly host.

Septuagesima.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him."

49. THOU, Great Creator, art possess'd,
And Thou alone, of endless rest,
To Angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again,
With ceaseless woe, and endless pain;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Raise the glad song of glory here?

O Thou, Who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws.

Then to the sharp and wholesome grief,
Let faith and hope bring due relief.
And we, too, shall be soon possess'd,
Of ceaseless songs, of endless rest.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Let equal praise to each be given,
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

Sexagesima.

"We look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwell-
eth righteousness."

50. OUR GOD in His celestial seat,
In glory and in power complete,
To make that power and glory known,
Lays the round world's foundation stone.

The elements, before unmade,
Are now in fairest order laid;
And wondrous harmony they raise,
To celebrate their Maker's praise.

But even while the world comes forth
In all the beauty of its birth,
His love eternal doth unfold
Another world of nobler mould.

His only SON the work doth frame,
'Tis founded in His own great Name!
And carried on through every age
By His own word, the Gospel-page.

In Heaven at length, when time is o'er,
'Twill stand complete to change no more;
For sons redeem'd a blest abode—
Meet for the dwelling place of GOD.

O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Preserve, direct, maintain in love
The world below, the world above!

Quinquagesima.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises,
but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them,
and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers
and pilgrims on the earth."

51. O YE, who follow'd CHRIST in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above,
First children of almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race!

O, how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth,
Or tell of all your panting sighs
Which hope uplifted to the skies ?

In dreary exile here below
Ye found the world an empty show ;
And rested on the promise high
Of blissful homes beyond the sky.

The heart, O GOD, that loves Thee well,
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell ;
SAVIOUR ! forbid our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

Praise be to FATHER, praise to SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One
Eternal praise to each be given,
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

Lent.

"Turn ye unto Me, saith the LORD, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning."

52. THOU gracious Author of our days,
O may Thine ears be bent,
Unto the mournful prayer we raise
In this our fast of Lent.

Thou the heart-searching GOD, dost know
How vile and weak we be ;
But, LORD, Thy pardoning mercy show,
And draw us back to Thee.

Great is our sin, and great our shame,
But still do Thou forgive ;
Help, for the glory of Thy Name,
And let poor sinners live.

O, may our outward abstinence,
So change our hearts within,
That we may rescue every sense
From every stain of sin.

Praise be to FATHER, praise to SON,
 Blest SPIRIT, praise to Thee ;
 Glory to GOD—the Three in One,
 To GOD—the One in Three.

“ And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwards an hungered.”

53. Now with the slow revolving year,
 Again the Fast we greet,
 Which in its mystic circle moves,
 Of forty days complete.

That Fast, by Law and Prophets taught,
 By JESUS CHRIST restor'd,
 JESUS, of seasons and of times,
 The Maker and the LORD.

Henceforth more sparing let us be
 Of food, of words, of sleep ;
 Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
 The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things
 Distract the careless heart ;
 And let us shut the soul against
 The tyrant Tempter's art ;

And weep before the Judge, and strive
 His vengeance to appease ;
 Saying to Him with contrite voice,
 Upon our bended knees :

“ Much have we sinn'd, O LORD ! and still
 We sin each day we live ;
 Yet pour Thy pity from on high,
 And of Thy grace forgive.

“ Remember that we still are Thine,
 Though of a fallen frame,
 And take not from us in Thy wrath
 The glory of Thy Name.

"Undo past evil ; grant us, LORD,
 More grace to do aright
 So may we now and ever find
 Acceptance in Thy sight."

Blest Trinity in Unity !
 Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
 To gather from these fasts below
 Immortal fruit above.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show My people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins."

54. THE solemn season calls us now
 A holy fast to keep ;
 And see within the temple how
 Both priest and people weep.

But come not there with tears alone,
 Or outward form of prayer,
 But let it in thy heart be known
 That penitence is there.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
 In vain in ashes mourn,
 Unless with penitential pain,
 The smitten soul be torn.

O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
 Draw near unto our GOD,
 And pray to Him to grant relief,
 And stay the uplifted rod.

O Righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
 To grant us all we need,
 We pray for time to turn again,
 For grace to turn indeed.

Blest Trinity in Unity !
 Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
 To gather from these fasts below,
 Immortal fruit above.

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and CHRIST shall give thee light."

55. THE darkness fleets, and joyful earth

Welcomes the new-born day;
JESU, true Sun of human souls,
Shed in our souls Thy ray.

Thou Who dost give the accepted time,
Give tears to purify,
Give flames of love to burn our hearts
As victims unto Thee.

That fountain, whence our sins have flowed,
Shall soon in tears distil,
If but Thy penitential grace
Subdue the stubborn will.

Eternal Trinity, to Thee
Let earth's vast fabric bend;
While evermore from souls renewed,
New hymns of praise ascend.

"I am the light of the world."

56. O CHRIST! that art the Light and Day,
Who shed'st through night Thy searching ray,
Who Very Light of light art known,
And Heaven's own Light to earth hast shown;

All-holy LORD, to Thee we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend,
O grant us, LORD, in Thee to rest,
Our night with quiet slumbers blest.

Let not the sleep of death oppress,
Nor deadly foe our souls possess,
Nor yielding flesh consent within,
To make us in Thy presence sin.

Let but the eyes light slumber take,
The heart to Thee be aye awake,
Be Thy Right Hand upheld above,
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

Our Sun and Shield, behold from high,
 Bid all the powers of darkness fly,
 Thy servants guard and guide for good,
 The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

Remember us, dear LORD, we pray
 In this frail body's laggard clay,
 Who dost the immortal soul defend,
 Be with us, SAVIOUR, to the end.

To GOD, the Eternal Three in One,
 To FATHER, and Co-equal SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, all glory be,
 Now and through all eternity.

"Obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

57. IN the LORD's atoning grief
 Be our rest and sweet relief;
 Store we deep in heart's recess
 All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
 Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
 Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
 And the pang His soul that freed:

May these all our spirits sate,
 And with love inebriate;
 In our souls plant virtue's root,
 And mature its glorious fruit.

Crucified! we Thee adore,
 Thee with all our hearts implore,
 Us with saintly hands unite
 In the realms of heavenly light.

CHRIST! by coward hands betrayed,
 CHRIST! for us a captive made,
 CHRIST! upon the bitter tree
 Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord, Thou Son of David."

58. SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all Thy Pains and Woe,
Suffered once for man below :—
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy Birth and early Years,
By Thy Life of want and tears,
By Thy Fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy Victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power :—
JESUS, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By Thy bitter Tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treason lurked within Thy fold :—
JESUS, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thine agony of grief,
By Thy pleading for relief,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy Wounds, Thy Crown of Thorn,
Cross and Passion, Pangs and Cries,
By Thy perfect Sacrifice ;—
JESUS, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy deep expiring Groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy Triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy Power from death to save ;—

Mighty GOD, ascended LORD,
To Thy Throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and SAVIOUR, hear the cry,
Of our solemn litany!

"One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water."

- 59.** ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
Merit I have none to bring,
Only to Thy Cross I cling:
Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
-

"Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O LORD; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."

- 60.** O LORD! turn not Thy face away
From us who lie prostrate,
Lamenting sore our sinful life,
Before Thy mercy's gate;
Which Thou dost open wide to those
That do lament their sin:
O shut it not against us, LORD!
But let us enter in.
Call us not to a strict account,
How we have lived here;

For then we know right well, O LORD !
Most vile we shall appear.

O LORD, we need not to repeat
What now we beg and crave ;
For Thou dost know before we ask
The thing that we would have.

Mercy, good LORD, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum,
For mercy, LORD, is all our suit,
O let Thy mercy come !

" God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our
LORD JESUS CHRIST, by Whom the world is crucified unto me,
and I unto the world."

61. WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD :
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

" He gave up the ghost."

62. O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn,
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See ! how the nails those hands
 And feet so tender rend ;
 See ! down His face, and neck, and breast
 His sacred Blood descend.
 Hark ! with what awful cry
 His Spirit takes its flight ;
 That cry, it pierced His mother's heart,
 And whelmed her soul in night.
 Earth hears, and to its base
 Rocks wildly to and fro ;
 Tombs burst, seas, rivers, mountains quake ;
 The veil is rent in two.
 The sun withdraws his light ;
 The mid-day heavens grow pale ;
 The moon, the stars, the universe,
 Their Maker's death bewail.
 Shall man alone be mute ?
 Come, youth and hoary hairs !
 Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind,
 And bathe those feet in tears.
 Come ! fall before His Cross,
 Who shed for us His Blood ;
 Who died the Victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of GOD.
 JESU ! all praise to Thee,
 Our joy and endless rest !
 Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amid the blest.

The Fifth Sunday in Lent,

OTHERWISE CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

"Remember that I stood before Thee to speak good for them, and to turn away Thy wrath from them."

- 63.** THE Royal Banners forward go,
 The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
 Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
 Life's torrent rushing from His side,
 To wash us in that precious flood
 Where mingled Water flowed and Blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
 In true Prophetic song of old;
 Amidst the nations GOD, saith he,
 Hath reign'd and triumphed from the Tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light!
 O Tree with royal purple dight!
 Elect on whose triumphal breast
 Those holy limbs should find their rest:

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
 The weight of this world's ransom hung;
 The price of human kind to pay,
 And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
 Let homage meet by all be done:
 Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore
 Preserve and govern evermore!

"And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son."

"And they took JESUS, and led Him away. And He, bearing His Cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha, where they crucified Him."

64. His trial o'er and now beneath
 His own Cross faintly bending,
 JESUS, true Isaac, to His death
 Is wearily ascending.

And now, His hands and feet pierced through
 Upon the Cross they raise Him,
 Where even now, in distant view,
 The eye of faith surveys Him.

O wondrous love, which GOD, most high,
 Toward man was pleased to cherish!
 His sinless SON He gave to die,
 That sinners might not perish.

Our sin's pollution to remove,
 His Blood was asked and given,
 So mighty was the SAVIOUR'S love,
 So vast the wrath of heaven.
 Yes ! 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod
 And chain of condemnation,
 And makes a league 'twixt man and GOD,
 For our entire salvation.
 O praise the FATHER, praise the SON,
 The LAMB for sinners given,
 And HOLY GHOST, through Whom alone
 Our hearts are raised to heaven.

"It is finished."

- 65.** SEE the destined day arise ;
 See, a willing sacrifice,
 JESUS, to redeem our loss,
 Hangs upon the shameful Cross.
 JESU ! who but Thou had borne.
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
 Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing Thy life of woe ?
 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
 Steeped in gall, the Cup of pain ;
 And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and Nails, and piercing Spear ?
 Thence the cleansing Water flowed,
 Mingled from Thy Side with Blood ;
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finish'd Sacrifice.
 Holy JESU ! grant us grace
 In that Sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renew'd,
 Pardoned sin, and promised good.

*When this hymn is sung on Good Friday, the following words
 may be introduced between each verse :*

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold,
 and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

"I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and of supplication: and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced."

- 66.** Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing the Cross in mournful strain;
Tell the sorrows all-amazing,
Tell the Wounds, the dying pain,
Which our SAVIOUR
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.
He, the cruel scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
By His stripes transgressors curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Bore our sorrows,
And removed our pains away.
He to freedom hath restored us
By the very bonds He bare;
His nail-pierced Limbs afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare:
Nailed, He draws us
To the Cross, and keeps us there.
When His painful life was ended,
From that Fount, His wounded Side,
Blood and Water straight descended,
Each a Sacramental tide;
One to cleanse us,
One to feed our souls, applied.
JESU! may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
Thee, our ever-glorious LORD!

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother."

- 67.** BY the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the Mother doleful, weeping,
Where her Son extended hung:

For her soul, of joy bereaved,
Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,
Lo! the piercing sword had wrang.

O, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the Sole-begotten One!
Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter Passion
Saw she of her glorious Son.

Who, on CHRIST's fond Mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on CHRIST's fond Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins rejected,
She her JESUS unprotected
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent:
Saw her Son from judgment taken,
Her Beloved in death forsaken,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

With Thy Mother's deep devotion
Make me feel her strong emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart, fresh ardour proving,
Thee my GOD and SAVIOUR loving,
May with Thee acceptance find!

Antem for Good Friday,

In which is set forth the exceeding ingratitude of His chosen people towards our Blessed LORD, and of those who by their sins crucify Him to themselves afresh. Praise is offered unto Him Who as on this day became for our sakes obedient unto death—even the death of the Cross.

O MY people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me. Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt,

thou hast prepared a Cross for thy SAVIOUR.
(Micah vi.)

Holy GOD, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

Because I led thee through the wilderness forty years, and fed thee with manna, and brought thee into a land exceeding good, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy SAVIOUR.

Holy GOD, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

What could I have done more for thee, that I have not done? I planted thee indeed My choicest vine, and thou hast turned for Me into exceeding bitterness: thou gavest vinegar to quench My thirst, and piercest with a lance the side of thy SAVIOUR. (Micah v. 2.)

Holy GOD, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

For thy sake I scourged Egypt with its first born, and thou deliveredst Me to be scourged.

O My people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer Me.

I opened the sea before thee: and thou openedst My side with a spear.

O My people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer Me.

I went before thee in a pillar of cloud: and thou leddest Me before Pilate's judgment seat.

O My people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer Me.

I gave thee a royal sceptre: and thou gavest My head a crown of thorns.

O My people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer Me.

Thou art worthy, O LORD, to receive glory, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to GOD by Thy Blood, for Thou becamest obedient unto death—even the death of the Cross.

67.^A

Hymn.

SING, my tongue, the SAVIOUR'S glory,
 Tell His triumph far and wide,
 Tell aloud the famous story
 Of His Body crucified;
 How upon the Cross a Victim,
 Vanquishing in death, He died.

Eating of the tree forbidden,
 Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
 When our pitying Creator
 Did this second Tree prepare;
 Destined many ages later,
 That first evil to repair.

So when now at length the fulness
 Of the sacred time drew nigh,
 Then the SON, the world's Creator,
 Left His FATHER's throne on high;
 From a Virgin's womb appearing
 Cloth'd in our mortality.

Thus did CHRIST to perfect manhood
 In our mortal flesh attain,
 Then of His free choice He goeth
 To a death of bitter pain;
 As a lamb upon the altar
 Of the Cross, for us is slain.

Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches!
 See the thorns upon His brow!
 Nails His tender flesh are rending!
 See, His side is open now!
 Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
 Streams of Blood and Water flow.

Blessing, honour everlasting,
 To the immortal Deity;
 To the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
 Equal praises ever be:
 Glory through the earth and Heaven
 To Trinity in Unity.

Easter.

"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon."

- 68.** JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
 Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Alleluia!
 Who did once upon the Cross,
 Alleluia!
 Suffer to redeem our loss,
 Alleluia!
 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing,
 Alleluia!
 Unto CHRIST our heavenly King,
 Alleluia!
 Who endured the Cross and Grave,
 Alleluia!
 Sinners to redeem and save,
 Alleluia!
 But the pain which He endured,
 Alleluia!
 Our salvation hath procured,
 Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Alleluia!
 Where the angels ever sing.
 Alleluia!

"This day shall be unto you for a memorial; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever."

"This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

- 69.** CHILDREN of men, this Day we sing
 The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
 Whose rising makes creation ring.
 Alleluia!
 On the first morning of the week,
 Before the day began to break,
 They went their buried LORD to seek.
 Alleluia!

Both Mary, as it came to pass,
And Mary Magdalene it was,
And Mary, wife of Cleophas.

Alleluia !

An Angel clad in white was he,
That sat and spake unto the three,—
“Your LORD is gone to Galilee.”

Alleluia !

When John the Apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb, and Peter came,
But on the way out-ran the same.

Alleluia !

That night the Apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, “Peace be unto all here.”

Alleluia !

When Didymus had after heard,
That JESUS had fulfilled His word,
He doubted if it were the LORD.

Alleluia !

“Thomas, behold My Side,” saith He,
“My Hands, My Flesh, My Body see,
And doubt not, but believe in Me.”

Alleluia !

He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side ;—
No longer Thomas then denied ;
“Thou art my LORD and GOD,” he cried.

Alleluia !

Blessed are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been
In life eternal they shall reign.

Alleluia !

In this most holy day of days,
Be laud, and jubilee, and praise,
To GOD both hearts and voices raise.

Alleluia !

And we with Holy Church unite,
 As is both meet, and just, and right,
 In glory to the King of Light.
 Alleluia !

"CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us : therefore let us keep the feast : not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

- 70.** In garments bright of virgin white,
 The true Lamb's royal banquet round,
 The Red Sea vast in safety past,
 To CHRIST our King the triumph sound.
 His Love Divine brings forth the wine,
 The mystic Cup of sacred Blood ;
 His Love, the Priest, for that dread feast
 The Victim slays, Himself the Food.
 'The blood-drops red on lintel spread,
 The wasting angel passes o'er,
 The waters wide aghast divide,
 The o'erwhelmed hosts are seen no more.
 In CHRIST we view the image true,
 The very Paschal Victim He ;
 The leaven sure of spirits pure,
 The leaven of sincerity.
 True Victim given from highest Heaven,
 Whom deeps of hell their Conqueror own ;
 Who death's strong chain hath rent in twain,
 And rescued life's unfading crown.
 The victory won, hell-powers o'erthrown,
 CHRIST's banner waves in open sky,
 Heaven's gates, behold ! to Him unfold,
 And dragged in chains the dark King lie.
 O JESU blest, to every breast,
 Unceasing Paschal gladness be !
 From blasting breath of sin and death
 The new-born sons of life set free.

FATHER, to Thee all glory be,
 And SON, Who from the dead art raised,
 And SPIRIT blest, with Both confest,
 One GOD, through endless ages praised.

"Buried with Him in Baptism, wherein also ye are risen
 with Him through the faith of the operation of God, Who hath
 raised Him from the dead."

- 71.** O THOU, the Heaven's eternal King,
 LORD of the starry spheres !
 Who with the FATHER equal art
 From everlasting years :
- All praise to Thy most holy Name,
 Who, when the world began,
 Yoking the soul with clay, didst form
 In Thine Own Image, man.
- And praise to Thee, Who, when the foe
 Had marred Thy work sublime,
 Clothing Thyself in flesh, didst mould
 Our race a second time.
- When from the tomb new-born, as from
 A Virgin born before,
 Thou didst reverse our fallen state,
 And life to man restore.
- Eternal Shepherd, Who Thy flock
 In Thy pure Font dost lave,
 Where souls are cleansed, and all their guilt
 Buried as in a grave :
- JESU, Who to the Cross wast nailed,
 Our countless debt to pay ;
 JESU, Who lavishly didst pour
 Thy Blood for us away :
- O, from the wretched death of sin
 Keep us, so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all new-born in Thee.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
 Who rose, be glory given;
 With Thee, Almighty Paraclete,
 By all in earth and heaven.

"He is not here, for He is risen, as He said."

72. THE dawn is purpling o'er the sky,
 The air with Alleluias shakes,
 The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
 Hell in each shuddering cavern quakes;
 Whilst He, the King, with strong Right Hand
 Leads forth from cells of death and night
 The unprisoned Fathers' ghostly band
 To gladdening beam of life and light.
 Whose tomb so late the threefold ward
 Of watch, and stone, and seal did bind,
 Now Victor risen death's self hath barred
 To that same tomb for aye consigned.
 Farewell then, grave! a long farewell
 To funeral tears and grief and pain;
 O hear yon glistening Angel tell
 Death's conquering LORD is risen again.
 O JESU Blest, to every breast
 Unceasing Paschal gladness be;
 From blasting breath of sin and death
 The new-born sons of life set free.
 FATHER, to Thee all glory be,
 And SON, Who from the dead art raised,
 And SPIRIT Blest, with Both confest,
 One GOD, through endless ages praised.

"When this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

73. PROTECTED by the Almighty Hand,
 We traversed safe the severed main:
 No more we see the Egyptian land,
 No more we feel the tyrant's chain.

O then, to GOD, with one accord
 Be joyful thanks and homage paid :
 And let us come before the LORD,
 In robes of innocence arrayed.

Yes, let us at His table meet,
 And banquet at His feast of love :
 So shall our soul with transport beat,
 And GOD'S OWN Presence sweetly prove.

CHRIST is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
 To Him the Christian looks for food :
 Nor will the avenging Angel slay
 Those who are sprinkled with His Blood.

O Victim ! worthy of the sky,
 Beneath Whose power death vanquished
 fell :

Who saved mankind from misery,
 And burst the dungeon-gates of hell !

O ! praise the FATHER, and the SON,
 Who bids us welcome to the skies,
 And HOLY GHOST, by Whom Alone
 We share the SAVIOUR'S victories.

"The LORD is King, and hath put on glorious apparel, the LORD hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength."

74. ANGELS come, on joyous pinion
 Down the Heaven's melodious stair
 Triumphant o'er death's dominion,
 Up to this our lower air,
 CHRIST is rising,
 And doth burst the sepulchre.

All in vain the posted station
 Of the armed soldiery,—

All in vain the faithless nation
 Sets the seal and watches nigh ;
 Ye need not fear,
 None shall reach where He doth lie !

He Himself, from sleep awaking
 Who spontaneous bears the gloom,
 Through your seals, and without breaking,
 Shall come forth and leave the tomb :
 Death cannot hold
 Him born of a Virgin's womb.

When His heart stern death was rending
 They cried out, " Thy death-bed leave,
 And from off Thy Cross descending,
 We will upon Thee believe."
 To death resigned,
 He would suffer no reprieve.

No—He hath not thence descended,
 Or ye would for ever grieve,
 But from death He hath ascended,
 Will ye not in Him believe ?
 'Tis He alone
 Can your chains of death relieve.

LORD, with Thee in daily dying
 May we die, and with Thee rise ;
 And on earth, ourselves denying,
 Have our hearts within the skies,
 To sing our GOD,
 Three in One, sole Good and Wise.

" Have mercy upon me, O LORD : Thou that liftest me up
 from the gates of death."

- 75.** YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
 Your sweetest notes employ,
 The Paschal victory to hymn,
 In strains of holy joy ;
 How Judah's Lion burst His chains,
 And crushed the Serpent's head,
 And brought with Him, from death's domains
 The long-imprisoned dead.
 From hell's devouring jaws the prey
 Alone our Leader bore :

His ransomed Hosts pursue their way,
Where He hath gone before.

Triumphant in His glory now,
His sceptre ruleth all ;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow,
And at His footstool fall.

While joyful thus His praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

“Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.”

- 76.** JESU, the world's Redeeming LORD,
Of Sire Most High Co-equal Word,
Of Light invisible true Light,
Thine Israel's Keeper day and night ;
Thou Framer of the world so wide,
Who dost the times and seasons guide,
Our limbs with daily toil oppress
Refresh at night with quiet rest.
Meek suppliants, LORD, Thy help we crave,
Thy servants from the tempter save ;
Let not his arts avail to steal
The souls Thy saving Blood doth seal.
So, while in darksome house of clay
Through life's brief night Thy pilgrims stay
Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.
We pray Thee, LORD of Heaven and earth,
In this our Joyous Paschal mirth,
From every weapon death can wield,
Thine Own redeemed, Thy people shield.
FATHER, to Thee all glory be,
And SON, Who from the dead art raised,
And SPIRIT blest, with both confest,
One GOD, through endless ages praised.

"If we believe that JESUS died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in JESUS will God bring with Him."

77. JESU lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us :
 JESU lives! and this we know,
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
 Alleluia!

JESU lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given :
 His will go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
 Alleluia!

JESU lives! for us He died :
 Then alone to JESU living
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
 Alleluia!

JESU lives! we know full well
 Nought from us His love shall sever
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!

JESU lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

The Ascension.

"While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

78. HAIL! the day that sees Him rise,
 Alleluia!
 Glorious to His native skies,
 Alleluia!
 CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
 Alleluia!
 Enters now the highest Heaven.
 Alleluia!

Thee the glorious triumph waits,
 Alleluia!
 Lift your heads, eternal gates!
 Alleluia!
 CHRIST has vanquished death and sin,
 Alleluia!
 Take the King of glory in.
 Alleluia!
 Lo! the Heaven its LORD receives,
 Alleluia!
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 Alleluia!
 Though returning to His Throne,
 Alleluia!
 Still He calls mankind His own.
 Alleluia!
 Still for us He intercedes,
 Alleluia!
 His prevailing Death He pleads,
 Alleluia!
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Alleluia!
 Harbinger of human race.
 Alleluia!
 O though parted from our sight,
 Alleluia!
 Far above the azure height,
 Alleluia!
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Alleluia!
 Seeking Thee above the skies,
 Alleluia!

"When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, and having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it."

79. AUTHOR of lost man's salvation,
 JESU! each true heart's Delight,

Framer of the new creation,
Light of lovers chaste and bright !

LORD ! what mighty Mercy bowed Thee
Thus to bear Thy creatures' sin :
Guiltless, bidding death o'ercloud Thee,
Guilty souls from death to win !

Bursting through the gulf infernal,
Thou unchain'st the captive band ;
Triumphing in state supernal,
Sittest now at GOD'S Right Hand.

O may yet Thy Pity turn Thee,
To repair our ruined plight ;
Cleansed in beauty to discern Thee,
Filled with Thine all-hallowing Light.

Thou, the Way, dost heavenward lead us ;
Goal to which all hearts must tend :
Solace sweet, 'mid tears to speed us,
Crown of life, when tears shall end.

Hail ! to Heaven in triumph riding,
JESU, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy FATHER'S Might abiding,
With One SPIRIT evermore.

" Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God, angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him."

80. O THOU eternal King most high !
Who didst the world redeem ;
And conquering Death and Hell, receive
A dignity supreme ;
Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,
Didst to Thy Throne ascend ;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.
There, seated in Thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow

The Heaven of Heavens, the spacious earth,
The depths of Hell below.

With trembling there the angels see
The changed estate of men ;
The flesh which sinned by Flesh redeemed
Man in the Godhead reign.

There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,
Be Thou to us, O LORD !
Our peerless joy while here we stay,
In Heaven our great reward.

Renew our strength, our sins forgive ;
Our miseries efface ;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
By Thy celestial grace.

So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,
With Thy Angelic train,
May we be saved from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.

Glory to JESUS, Who returns
Triumphantly to Heaven ;
Praise to the FATHER evermore,
And HOLY GHOST, be given.

" Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? It is the LORD strong and mighty, even the LORD mighty in battle."—" He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

81. BLEST SAVIOUR, now Thy work is done !
Death owns Thy power, the prize is won !
Triumphant now we see Thee rise,
Returning to Thy native skies.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy Feet ;
Ten thousand thousand angels sing,
To welcome their returning King.

Beside the everlasting gates,
The angel-host enraptured waits,
His throne receives the eternal SON,
Both GOD and Man for ever One.

There, JESU, Thou hast never ceased
To be our Friend, our great High Priest,
Pleading in our behalf Thy Blood,
That holy, reconciling flood ;

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride
With spiritual gifts supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

All praise from every heart and tongue,
To our Ascended LORD be sung ;
The FATHER's praise let all confess,
And all the HOLY SPIRIT bless.

"Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the Right Hand of the Majesty on High."

82. O CHRIST ! our Hope, our hearts' Desire,
Redemption's only spring !
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its SAVIOUR and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The Ransom has been paid :
And Thou art on Thy FATHER's Throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there !

O CHRIST! be Thou our present joy,
Our future great Reward!
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the LORD!

"As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment, so CHRIST was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

83. O CHRIST! Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!
Source of all good, Thou, gracious LORD!
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!
With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.
Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy HOLY GHOST, to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.
O future Judge! Eternal LORD!
Thy Name be hallowed and adored:
To GOD the FATHER, King of Heaven,
And HOLY GHOST, like praise be given.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations."

84. WHAT terrors shake my trembling soul!
Behold, the skies are riven,
And CHRIST appears in clouds of light,
Amid the hosts of heaven!

The trumpet sounds, the opening graves
 Obey the dread command,
 And angels force the risen dead
 Around their judge to stand.

Now all who left the world for CHRIST,
 By CHRIST are raised on high;
 Yea, all who loved their lowly GOD,
 And shared His poverty.

But lo, the Cross, which once the Jew
 And Gentile dared despise,
 The saint's delight, the sinner's scorn,
 Shines brightly in the skies!

That Cross those wicked men behold,
 But find no mercy there;
 It only serves to seal their fate,
 And heighten their despair.

LORD, may we never to such guilt,
 Or to such downfall come,
 O save us from the sinner's path,
 And from the sinner's doom!

O future Judge, to Thy great Name
 Be praise and glory given;
 To FATHER, and to HOLY GHOST,
 By all in earth and heaven.

Whitsuntide.

"O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling."

85. O THOU, gone up, our Harbinger,
 To Heaven's dread palaces,
 Look on us lying helpless here,
 And lift us to the skies.

May holy love the stair supply
 To those pure joys divine,
 Which undiscerned by nature's eye
 In Faith's true mirror shine.

Where GOD doth His tried children own,
 In Him for ever blest ;
 He, All in All, their toils doth crown,
 And is Himself their rest.

Thy grace alone to Thee can lead,
 And place us near Thy Throne :
 Do Thou to help us in our need,
 Send down Thy Holy One.

Praise Him Who sits at GOD's right hand,
 Praise FATHER, as is meet,
 And to all time in every land,
 Praise the Dread Paraclete.

"Thy counsel, O LORD, who hath known, except Thou give wisdom, and send Thy HOLY SPIRIT from above?"

86. RULER of the hosts of light,
 Death hath yielded to Thy might,
 And Thy Blood hath marked a road,
 Which will lead us back to GOD.

From Thy dwelling-place above,
 From Thy FATHER's Throne of love,
 Look upon us here below,
 Do not leave us in our woe.

Now Thou sittest on Thy Throne,
 By Thy death, Thy sorrows won,
 Now perform the promise given,
 Send the HOLY GHOST from heaven.

Praise the SON, Who reigns on high
 With the FATHER in the sky :
 And the HOLY GHOST adore,
 Three in One, for evermore.

"The Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him ; but ye know Him ; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

87. COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire :

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee of Both to be but One :
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.

"And they were all filled with the HOLY GHOST."

88. COME, HOLY GHOST, Who ever One
Art with the FATHER and the SON ;
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let mouth and heart and flesh combine,
To herald forth our Creed divine ;
And love so wrap our mortal frame,
Others may catch the living flame

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
FATHER of love, Co-equal SON,
And HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
For ever Blessed Three in One.

"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons
and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream
dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

89. ABOVE the starry spheres,
To where He was before,
CHRIST had gone up, soon from on high
The FATHER's gift to pour.

And now had fully come
On mystic circle borne,
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn :
When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaimed
The GOD of Glory near.
Forthwith a tongue of fire
Alights on every brow ;—
Each breast receives the FATHER's light
The Word's enkindling glow,
The HOLY GHOST on all
Is mightily outpoured,
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the LORD.
While strangers of all climes
Flock round from far and near,
And with amazement, each at once,
Their native accents hear.
But Judah faithless still,
Denies the Hand Divine,
And madly jeers the Saints of CHRIST
As drunk with new-made wine.
Till Peter in the midst
Stood up and spake aloud ;
And their perfidious falsity
By Joel's witness showed.
Praise to the FATHER be !
Praise to the SON Who rose !
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee.
While age on ages flows.

"Take not Thy HOLY SPIRIT from me : restore unto me the
joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit."

90. AGAIN the circling seasons tell
The blest and joyous hour,

When erst upon the Apostles fell
The Spirit's hallowing shower.

In flame-drops lights the thrilling Fire
A tongue its mystic form,
Each mouth with wisdom to inspire,
With love each heart to warm.

In every tongue their voice is heard :
The Gentiles tremble round ;
The hearts in whom the Spirit stirred,
They deem in new wine drowned.

To Thee, All-pitying LORD, we pray,
To Thee adoring bend,
Thy Spirit Blest from Heaven this day
On us Thy suppliants send.

Thou, Who in ages past didst pour
Thy graces from above,
Thy grace in us, when lost, restore,
And stablish peace and love.

To GOD the FATHER, glory be,
And SON from death upraised,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Persons Three,
One GOD for ever praised.

Trinity Sunday.

" O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

91. THRICE Holy GOD, of wondrous might,
O TRINITY of love divine,
To Thee belongs unclouded light,
And everlasting joys are Thine.

About Thy Throne dark clouds abound,
About Thee shine such dazzling rays,
That Angels, as they stand around
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious LORD,
Confess Thee in Thine own great Name

By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which faith already dares to claim.

FATHER, may we Thy law fulfil,
Blest SON, may we Thy precepts learn,
And Thou, Blest SPIRIT, guide our will,
Our feet unto Thy pathway turn.

Yea, FATHER, may Thy will be done,
And may we thus Thy Name adore,
Together with Thy blessed SON,
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore.

"There are Three that bear record in heaven, the FATHER, the WORD, and the HOLY GHOST; and these three are One."

92. O THOU, Who dwellest bright on high,
Thou ever-blessed TRINITY!
Thee we confess, in Thee believe,
To Thee with pious heart we cleave.

O FATHER! by Thy saints adored,
O SON of GOD! our Blessed LORD,
O HOLY SPIRIT! Who dost join
FATHER and SON with love divine.

We see the FATHER in the SON,
And with the FATHER CHRIST is One;
The HOLY GHOST, the Paraclete,
In Both resides, in Both complete.

For GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST are One;
All Three one blessed truth approve,
All Three compose one holy love.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, be glory done;
One GOD Almighty we adore,
With heart and voice, for evermore!

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."

93. FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The tribute of our grateful praise,

Who for our double life hast given
Bread from the earth, and Bread from heaven

Thou too, O JESUS, be adored,
The only SON, the Almighty LORD;
Who, our Salvation to become,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:

Who, on the Cross a Victim made,
The ransom of the world hast paid;
Through Whom alone on guilty men
The hope of life has dawned again.

And Thou, by Whose Almighty aid
The spotless, pure, and holy Maid
Brought forth Incarnate Deity,
Eternal SPIRIT, praise to Thee!

Three Persons, but One GOD, Whose grace
Both forms and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee
We hymn this mighty Mystery.

To GOD the FATHER, with the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Laud, honour, glory, majesty
Now, and henceforth for ever be.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday.

MORNING.

"God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

"Very early in the morning, the first day in the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun; and the angel said, He is not here, for He is risen."

94. THIS day the blessed TRINITY

The universe began;
This day the world's Creator rose,
O'ercoming death for man.

FATHER of lights ! keep us this day
 From sinful passions free ;
 Grant us in every word, and deed,
 And thought, to honour Thee.

Thou LORD of chastity divine !
 Grant us the grace to quell
 Those flames impure, which, cherished here,
 Increase the flames of hell.

SAVIOUR, of Thy sweet clemency
 Wash Thou our sins away,
 Grant us Thy grace—grant us with Thee
 The joys of endless day.

FATHER of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, coequal SON ;
 Who reignest with the HOLY GHOST
 While endless ages run.

“ Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the
 LORD : walk as children of light.”

95. MORN of morns, and day of days,
 Silent as the morning's rays,
 From the sepulchre's dark prison,
 CHRIST the Light of lights hath risen.

He commanded, and His word
 Death and the dread chaos heard :
 We, O shame ! more deaf than they,
 In the chains of darkness stay.

Nature 'neath the shadow lies ;
 Let the sons of light arise,
 All throughout night's stillness deep
 Holy symphonies to keep.

While the dead world sleeps around
 Let the sacred temples sound ;
 Law and prophet and blest psalm,
 Lit with holy light so calm.

Thus to hearts in slumber weak,
 Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;

And like streaks of early morn,
New ways mark the newly born.

Grant us this, and with us be
Sole Fountain of all charity,
Thou Who dost the SPIRIT give,
Bidding the dead letters live.

Equal praise to FATHER, SON,
And to Thee, the Holy One,
By Whose quickening Breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice
and be glad in it."

96. MORNING lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned,
Let us haste her light to hail
In courts of holy ground.

CHRIST hath shed a fairer morn,
From darkness rising free,
In His glorious light new-born,
Let us lift the jubilee.

From the swaddling bands of night
When sprang the world so fair,
Putting on her robes of light,
O what a power was there!

When our GOD Who gave His SON,
His guilty foes to spare,
Woke to life the guiltless One,
O what a power was there!

When from the Eternal's Hand
The earth in beauty stood,
Decked in light at His command,
He saw and called it good.

Yet a goodlier world it stood
In the Creator's sight,
In the LAMB's all-cleansing blood
Washed to celestial white.

In the light of rising morn
Which o'er creation flies
We descry, by fancy borne,
Heaven's courts beyond the skies.

In the Image of the Eternal,
In CHRIST, of souls the Sun,
Dimly, through the fleshly veil,
We see the Holy One.

In Thy law, blessed TRINITY,
A torch-light sure and true,
What Thou forbiddest may we flee,
What Thou dost bid, pursue.

EVENING.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

97. SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new-created earth.

Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from Thee the name of day;
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

Holy FATHER, Holy SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Praise and Glory be to Thee
Now and for eternity.

"There shall be no night there."

98. O THOU, Whose Throne is hid from men,
By more than earthly rays,
Before Whose Face e'en seraphs shrink
And tremble as they gaze ;

Here we Thy people sit forlorn
In darkness doomed to dwell,
But soon Thy bright eternal Day
That darkness shall dispel.

This Day Thou hast in store for us
This Day so fair and bright ;
How faint the mid-day sun, compared
With its celestial light.

But ah ! too long thou lingerest,
The long-expected Day,
For why ! this body's toilsome load
Must first be cast away.

But when my soul hath ta'en her flight
From earthly bonds set free,
To see Thee, love Thee, praise Thy Name,
Her endless task shall be.

O may we so, blest Three in One,
Thy present light improve,
That we hereafter may enjoy
Thy glorious beams above.

Monday.

MORNING.

"He spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds His chariot."

99. COME, let us praise the Name of GOD,
Who spread the lofty skies,
And to the firmament above
Uplift our wondering eyes.

Slow floating in the blue expanse
 The watery clouds we view ;
 Whence fruitful showers, at God's command,
 The thirsty soil bedew.

How fair a type of GOD's free grace
 Which to our souls is given ;
 It drops into the inner man,
 Like gentle dews from Heaven.

And as the faithful heart receives
 The sanctifying shower,
 In rapture sweet 'tis raised aloft
 By GOD's Almighty power.

O happy saints, on whom are poured
 Such blessings from above :
 O may they show a thankful heart
 And render love for love !

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 All glory be from saints on earth,
 And from the Angel-host.

"The day is Thine, and the night is Thine. Thou hast prepared the light and the sun."

100. O THOU, the FATHER's Image blest !
 Who callest forth the morning ray,
 O Thou eternal Light of light !
 And inexhaustive Fount of day !

True Sun !—upon our souls arise,
 Shining in beauty evermore ;
 And through each sense the quickening beam
 Of the eternal SPIRIT pour.

Thee too, O FATHER, we entreat,
 FATHER of might and grace divine !
 FATHER of glorious majesty !
 Thy pitying eye on us incline.

Confirm us in each good resolve,
 The Tempter's envious rage subdue ;

Turn each misfortune to our good,
 Direct us right in all we do.
 Rule Thou our inmost thoughts; let no
 Impurity our hearts defile;
 Grant us a true and fervent faith,
 Grant us a spirit free from guile.
 May CHRIST Himself be our true Food,
 And Faith our daily cup supply;
 While, from the SPIRIT'S tranquil depth,
 We drink unfailing draughts of joy.
 Still ever, with the peep of morn,
 May saintly modesty attend;
 Faith sanctify the midday hours
 Upon the soul no night descend.
 To GOD the FATHER glory be,
 And to His sole-begotten SON;
 The same, O HOLY GHOST! to Thee
 While everlasting ages run.

"God is love."

101. OUR praise Thou need'st not, but Thy love
 Our FATHER and our Friend,
 Would have our prayers thus soar above,
 In blessings to descend.
 Thy secret judgments' depths profound
 Still sings the silent night;
 The day, upon his golden round
 Thy pity infinite.
 The soul, lost in astonishment,
 Would speechless wonder fill;
 But, in the ravished bosom pent,
 Love cannot all be still.
 Feeble and faint she fain would tell,
 Of our great FATHER'S love,
 Tempering the ills that with us dwell,
 And pledging good above.

Thither would our best thoughts aspire,
But chains on us abide:
O quicken Thou our faint desire,
And to Thy Presence guide.

EVENING.

"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were above the firmament from the waters that were under the firmament." "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

102. LORD of immensity sublime!
Who lest the waters should confound
Thy world, didst them in earliest time
Divide, and make the skies their bound;

Framing for some on earth below,
For others in the heavens a place:
That so the sun's attemper'd glow
Might not Thy beauteous works efface.

Upon our fainting souls distil
The grace of Thy celestial dew;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
To scorn all vanities below;
Faith to detect each falsity,
And knowledge, Thee alone to know.

FATHER of mercies! hear our cry,
Hear us, O sole-begotten SON!
Who, with the HOLY GHOST most high
Reignest while endless ages run.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

103. WHEN storms and tempests o'er us roll
Our hope is in the skies;
To Thee, O GOD, our anxious soul
And earnest prayers arise.

Thou, **FATHER**, dost Thine aid afford,
 Before the prayer is made,
 In all our weakness, gracious **LORD**,
 Thy strength is full displayed.

The sufferings that our souls oppress,
 Thy mightier Hand shall cure;
 And Thine avenging arm redress
 The wrongs we now endure.

O, then, what full success shall shine
 On all our labours past!
 Who would not gladly weep awhile
 To reap such joys at last?

To **FATHER**, **SON**, and **HOLY GHOST**,
 One mighty **GOD** of Heaven,
 All glory by the Angel host,
 And saints on earth, be given.

TuesDay.

MORNING.

"The sea is His, and He made it, and His Hands prepared the dry land."

104. HE speaks the word; the floods obey,
 And sink into their bed;
 Emerging from her liquid veil
 Earth shows her new-born head.

This to His children, for their home,
 The **FATHER** hath assigned;
 One common earth contains them all,
 One common love should bind.

We've no abiding city here,
 But there's a Home above,
 For those who live as sons of **GOD**,
 In peace and holy love.

But they whose dark deceitful arts
 Their fellow-men molest,
 They shall not of my love partake,
 Nor come unto Thy rest.

But, LORD, our hearts with holy peace,
 And love, and concord, join;
 These are the fruits that certify
 That we are truly Thine.

Eternal glory be ascribed
 To GOD, Who reigns above,
 By Whom is sent into our souls
 The grace of holy love.

"Let us watch and be sober."

105. THE cock's shrill horn proclaims the morn
 And heralds forth the rising light,
 CHRIST's startling eye, so keen and nigh,
 Wakes to new life the slumbering sprite.

"Take up," He cries, "your bed and rise,
 In palsied sleep no longer lie;
 With loins girt up and sober cup,
 Keep vigil. I, the LORD, am nigh."

Yea, Thee let all, LORD JESU, call,
 With prayers and tears chaste vigil keep;
 The prayer intent true hearts present,
 Would have the spirit wake and weep.

Break Thou the spell, our eyes unseal,
 Thou, JESU, burst the bonds of night,
 Spoil the stronghold of trespass old,
 And fill us with Thine own new light.

FATHER, to Thee all glory be,
 And Thee, Alone Co-equal SON,
 And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,
 Now, and while endless ages run.

"And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also."

106. O 'TIS our duty first of all
 To love the LORD Most High:
 And next we learn to keep the law
 Of holy charity.

O LORD, our fellowship regard
 In Thy great Name begun ;
 In number though we many be,
 Yet all our hearts are one.

And faith is ours, and truth sincere,
 And grace, and holy joy ;
 O then, may no unholy strife
 This sacred love destroy !

But teach us, LORD, more strictly still
 This holy rule to keep,
 With saints rejoicing to rejoice,
 With weeping saints to weep.

Triune JEHOVAH ! to Thy Name
 Be endless glory given,
 Who fashionest, with holy love,
 The hearts of Thine for Heaven.

 EVENING.

" And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit . . . and the evening and the morning were the third day."

107. CREATOR, great and good,
 Who broughtst the mountains forth,
 And rolling back the o'erwhelming flood,
 Didst fix the enthronéd earth ;

Where robed in verdure meet,
 And crowned with golden flowers,
 And teeming with her fruitage sweet,
 Delightful food she showers ;

Cleanse with Thy freshening grace,
 Our blighted spirit's sore ;
 Let her with tears the past efface,
 And learn to sin no more :

But hearkening to Thy voice,
 Escape each blasting breath,
 With goodness filled in life rejoice,
 Nor know the sting of death.

This grant us, FATHER kind,
And Thou, Co-equal SON,
And HOLY GHOST, with Both enshrined,
Eternal Three in One.

"Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it; now ye are the body of CHRIST, and members in particular."

108. O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear,
With all the force of fervent prayer.

O, may we love the House of GOD,
Of peace and joy the blest abode!
O, may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

LORD, shower upon us from above,
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky!

Wednesday.

MORNING.

"The day is Thine, and the night is Thine, Thou hast prepared the light and the sun."

109. THE wonders of the Almighty Hand
Devoutly we admire,
Inscribed upon the vault above
In characters of fire.

The sun is ruler of the day,
The moon controls the night;
The starry hosts adorn the sky
With varied streams of light.

This ruler of the day must set,
And hide his dazzling rays,
The moon and starry hosts observe
Their own appointed days.

Thus still revolves each orb of light,
Now hidden, now displayed;
Thou, LORD, for ever art the same,
Thy mercy knows no shade.

O, fear not, doubt not, that our GOD
Hath all a FATHER's care,
With joy to heaven your hearts uplift,
For endless joys are there.

All glory to the Three in One,
The GOD of joy and peace,
Who comforts those who trust in Him,
And bids their sorrows cease,

"The LORD my GOD will enlighten my darkness."

110. NIGHT, and clouds in darkness sailing,
This world's chaos, wild and drear,—
Light is entering, heaven unveiling,
CHRIST is coming;—disappear.

Heaven's dark pall in sunder falleth,
By the sun's bright arrow strook
Earth her thousand hues recalleth
At his all-enlightening look.

Thee, True Sun, alone adore we,
Thee with pure and single heart,
Thee with plaintive chant implore we,
O'er our souls Thy flame to dart.

Many a spot, our bosoms staining,
Must Thy brightness cleanse away;

O of Angels Light unwaning,
Look on us, and make it day.
To the FATHER lauds unending,
To the SON and SPIRIT Blest,
Still from aye to aye ascending,
Be throughout all worlds addressed.

"In the Way of Thy judgments, O LORD, have we waited for Thee; the desire of our soul is to Thy Name and to the remembrance of Thee; with my soul have I desired Thee in the night, yea with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early."

III. THY promise, LORD, is our sure stay,
Thy faith immoveable,
To Thee we turn at dawning day
To Thee our wants we tell.
Man's promise in the hour of need,
Frail as himself is found,
Which fails, and like the broken reed,
The leaning hand doth wound.
Blessed is he who in Thy breast
Himself doth wholly hide;
No whirlwind's power shall break their rest
Who in that Rock abide.
Lest our hearts fail, Thy hand shall hold
With sacramental ties;
Hope on the mighty pledge made bold,
To endless good shall rise—
Springs to Thy throne on mercy's gleam,
And casts aside her care,
And drinks of the celestial stream
Which flows for ever there.
Of grace, adored TRINITY,
The everlasting spring,
Sole Hope of safety, unto Thee
With our whole heart we cling.

EVENING.

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years."

- 112.** ALL-HOLY GOD on high,
 Who bath'st in fiery glow
 The glittering spaces of the sky,
 Heaven's ever-brilliant show;
 Who on this day didst light
 The sun's red wheel of fire,
 And gav'st the moon her circuit bright,
 The stars their many quire;
 To set a severing bound
 Betwixt the light and dark,
 And as the circling months run round,
 Their rise and wane to mark:
 Dispel the heart's drear night,
 Wash out the soul's dark stain,
 Throw off our sin's o'erwhelming weight,
 Unloose guilt's wearying chain.
 This grant us, FATHER kind,
 And Thou, Co-equal SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, with Both enshrined,
 Eternal Three in One.

"Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until He have mercy upon us."

- 113.** O GOD, the hateful pride of man
 Shall not usurp Thy praise,
 Yet arrogance too oft presumes
 Her shameless front to raise.
 Too oft, through man's ingratitude,
 Thy blessings cease to flow;
 And thus upon the withered heart,
 No fruits of love can grow.

But we, like faithful servants, bent
 To know their master's will,
 Will never turn our eyes away
 From Thy celestial Hill.

And O ! if Thou delay to send
 The long expected aid,
 Yet hope remains, an anchor strong,
 On which our souls are stayed.

The FATHER, and the Eternal SON,
 Our praises shall employ ;
 Who send the HOLY GHOST to be
 A pledge of future joy.

Thursday.

MORNING.

" Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that
 proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

114. THE deep a two-fold offspring bore,
 Men's bodies to maintain ;
 The birds that skim the liquid air,
 The fish that cleave the main.

But GOD provides far other food
 The immortal soul to feed ;
 It lives by faith, on all the words
 That from His mouth proceed.

Faith resting on the Blood of CHRIST,
 Still holds its conquering way,
 Till sinners, through the vanquish'd world,
 Its mighty power obey.

By faith the saints of old were taught
 The lion's wrath to tame ;
 A tyrant's threatenings to despise,
 And quench the raging flame.

And O, may we by faith discern
 The way that leads to GOD,

And pluck the holy fruits of love,
That meet us on our road.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

"For the ways of man are before the eyes of the LORD, and He pondereth all his goings."

- 115.** Lo, the golden light is peering,
Let the dimness fleet away,
Which so long hath kept us veering
From the narrow path astray.
May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,
Keep us, morn-like, chaste, and pure,
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,
In our hearts no sin obscure.
So the day, all smoothly gliding,
May preserve our tongue from guile,
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,
Hands from aught that can defile.
All day long an Eye is o'er us,
Which our every secret knows,
Sees our every step before us,
From first morn till evening's close.
To the FATHER lauds unending,
To the SON and SPIRIT Blest,
Still from aye to aye ascending,
Be throughout all worlds address.

"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light."

- 116.** O, HOW can worthy praises, LORD,
To Thee by man be given?
From Whom alone true light proceeds,
To show the way to Heaven.

The faith we need to serve Thee well,
 Thou dost Thyself supply,
 That faith which sanctifies the heart,
 And lifts the soul on high.

No pompous rites can e'er atone
 For want of grace within :
 The secret prayer, the lowly sigh,
 Thy favour best can win.

For then the heart and lips can join
 To yield Thy meed of praise,
 And with a free and cheerful voice,
 Salvation's song can raise.

O Thou, Who dost the proud abhor
 And humble souls approve,
 That we in holy faith may grow,
 Our sinful pride remove.

Praise GOD, Who gave His only SON
 To be for sinners slain,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, by Whose Breath
 Our souls are raised again.

EVENING.

"O LORD, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

117. LORD of all power! at Whose command
 The waters from their teeming womb,
 Brought forth the countless tribes of fish,
 And birds of every note and plume ;
 Who didst, for natures linked in birth,
 Far different homes of old prepare ;
 Sinking the fishes in the sea,
 Lifting the birds aloft in air;
 Lo ! born of Thy Baptismal wave,
 We ask of Thee, O LORD Divine !
 Keep us, whom Thou hast sanctified
 In Thy Own Blood, for ever Thine.

Safe from all pride, as from despair,
Not sunk too low, nor raised too high,
Lest raised by pride, we headlong fall,
Sunk in despair, lie down and die.

FATHER of Mercies ! hear our cry,
Hear us, O Sole-begotten SON !
Who, with the HOLY GHOST Most High,
Reignest while endless ages run.

“The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.”

118. O GOD of our salvation, LORD
Of wondrous power and love,
May faith, salvation's holy seed,
Be sent us from above !

'Tis Faith that gives us strength to fight,
That we our foes may quell ;
And with the shield of Faith we quench
The fiery darts of hell.

By Faith we make our prayers to Thee,
In that most holy Name,
On Which for mercy and for peace,
Hope rests her steadfast claim.

For that Name's sake assist us, LORD,
To run our heavenward race :
And O, may no unholy life,
Our holy faith disgrace.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praise and glory given,
Who pour into the hearts of men
The light of truth from Heaven.

Friday.

MORNING.

"Hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

119. O THOU, Who dost all nature sway,
Dread TRINITY in Unity!
Accept the trembling praise we pay
To Thy eternal Majesty.

Almighty LORD! whatever guilt
Satan hath wrought in us this night,
May it before Thy Presence melt,
Like mist before the morning light.

Grant us a body pure within,
A wakeful heart, a ready will;
Grant us, by no deep cherished sin,
The fervour of the soul to chill.

Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!
With Thy most pure celestial ray!
So may we walk in safety through
All the temptations of the day.

FATHER of mercies! hear our cry,
Hear us, O sole-begotten SON!
Who, with the HOLY GHOST most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

"Thou makest him to have dominion of the works of Thy hands: and Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet."

120. AND now, O GOD, Thy Mind resolves,
A holier work to frame;
A ruler for Thy new-made world,
A herald of Thy Name.

And man is made: to favoured dust
The breath of life is given;
The likeness of a holy God,
The lineaments of heaven.

The wide expanse of earth must own
 His delegated sway,
 To GOD alone, his rightful LORD,
 Due homage he must pay.

Alas for man ! corrupt, depraved,
 The yoke he will not wear :
 Vile dust presumes with GOD above
 A rival front to rear.

And, oh ! from hence what wretchedness
 The world hath overspread ;
 If JESUS had not succoured us,
 E'en hope itself were dead.

O ! praise the FATHER, and the SON,
 Who saved us by His death,
 And HOLY GHOST, Who quickens us
 By His celestial Breath.

" O LORD, be gracious unto us ; we have waited for Thee :
 be Thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the
 time of trouble."

121. GLORY of the Heavens Supernal,
 Blessed Hope of all on earth,
 Sole-Begotten of the Eternal,
 Spotless Virgin's Virgin Birth !

Thy Right Hand to us extending,
 LORD, our soul in calmness raise,
 Till to GOD in hymns ascending,
 We be kindled all to praise.

Morning's star is risen and shining,
 Herald of day's glory bright,
 Night's dun shadows are declining ;
 Shed on us Thine holy Light ;

Light, that this world's night dispelling
 In our senses may abide,
 In our breasts for ever dwelling,
 Sanctified till glorified.

Deep through all our hearts entwined
 There be fixed, nor ever move,
 Faith and Hope in gladness joined,
 With their heavenlier sister Love.

To the FATHER lauds unending,
 To the SON and SPIRIT Blest,
 Still from aye to aye ascending,
 Be throughout all worlds address.

EVENING.

"And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind."

122. MAKER of men ! Who by Thyself,
 All things in wisdom ordering,
 Didst from the quickening earth bring forth
 Wild beasts, and every creeping thing ;

At Whose command, instinct with life,
 Huge forms emerged from shapeless clay ;
 Ordained, through their appointed times,
 Man, Thy frail servant, to obey :

Expel from us wild passions, LORD,
 With all the reptile brood of sin ;
 Nor suffer vice, familiar grown,
 To make itself a home within.

Hereafter grant Thine endless joys,
 Here Thy continual grace supply ;
 Loosen the guilty chains of strife,
 Draw close the bonds of unity.

FATHER of mercies ! hear our cry,
 Hear us, O sole-begotten SON !
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto JESUS the Author and Finisher of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame."

123. ANGELS, lament, behold your GOD

Man's sinful likeness wears ;
Behold, upon the accursed tree,
Man's sins the SAVIOUR bears.

O CHRIST, with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was Thine !
Did GOD consent to suffer thus,
And, oh ! shall man repine ?

No, SAVIOUR, no ! the power of death
Thy Cross hath overcome ;
To save us not from earthly woe,
But from the eternal doom.

The flesh may shrink, but we submit
Whate'er our cross may be :
So Thou by grace enable us
To bear it after Thee.

Thy stripes have healed us, and Thy Blood
Our guilty stains effaced ;
Then may Thy Name by sins of ours
Be never more disgraced.

Praise GOD, Who gave His only SON
To be for sinners slain,
And HOLY SPIRIT by Whose Breath
Our souls are raised again.

Saturday.

MORNING.

"Hear my crying, O God : give ear unto my prayer."

**124. O THOU eternal Source of love,
Ruler of nature's scheme,
In substance One, in Persons Three,
Omniscient and Supreme !**

For Thy dear mercy's sake, receive
 The strains and tears we pour,
 And purify our hearts to taste
 Thy sweetness more and more.

Our flesh, our reins, our spirits, LORD,
 In Thy clear fire refine,
 Break down the self-indulgent will,
 Gird us with strength divine.

So may all we, who here are met
 Thy holy Name to bless,
 One day, in our eternal home,
 Thine endless joys possess.

FATHER of Mercies! hear our cry;
 Hear us, Co-equal SON,
 Who reignest with the HOLY GHOST,
 While ceaseless ages run.

"Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

125. AND now Thy labours, LORD, are done,
 And on the sixth returning sun,
 Thou to Thy work hast set the bound,—
 The heavens take up the gladsome sound.

But while the Sabbath now is blest,
 And consecrate to endless rest,
 Another labour doth demand
 The great Creator's mighty hand.

For all things now have found a tongue,
 Together raise one rival song,
 Together, earth, and sea, and stars;—
 One sinner the glad concert mars.

Our heart of stone, LORD, from us take,
 And fleshly hearts within us make,
 That so abounding fruits of love
 A welcome hymn to Thee may prove.

Such are the hymns which Thee delight,
The deeds that with the voice unite;
Thus to our prayers Thine ears incline,
Such bend the Majesty Divine.

Glory to GOD, both One and Three,
To GOD Triune all glory be,
Whose Word all things to being brought,
Whose Word sustains all He hath wrought.

"We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the LORD, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might according to His glorious power."

126. MAKER of all things, aid our hands,
In all our works be near,
That our chaste lives may worthier prove
The Name of CHRIST to bear.

Thou, only mighty, only good,
Art to Thyself the way,
Thou only, Who hast given the law,
Canst give us to obey.

Perils environ all the road;
Our slippery feet control,
That so our steps more steadfastly
May press on to the goal.

O happy goal, where true repose,
And peace awaits for ever,
And Thou to Thine dost give to drink
Of joy, as from a river.

For Thee, good LORD, the heart doth pant,
For Thee the spirit sighs,
Grant unto those Thy grace hath saved
To win the eternal prize.

EVENING.

"In the evening, and morning, and at noonday will I pray,
and that instantly; and He shall hear my voice."

127. THE fiery sun is gone;
O, never-waning light,
All-Holy Three, Thrice Blessed One,
Shed forth Thy Presence bright.

To Thee our lauds at morn,
Our vespers rise at even,
O, grant us, hence by Angels borne,
To join their chant in heaven.

To the Great FATHER, SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT Blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be address.

"Our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST gave Himself for us, that He
might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a
peculiar people, zealous of good works."

128. GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will:
Thou, since the world was made dost bless
Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain,
But love alone shall then remain

When this short day is gone:
O love, O truth, O endless light!
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

We sow in dangers here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,

Which here in grief was sown.
Great GOD Triune, the increase give
And these Thy gifts by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown!

HYMNS FOR MORNING, NOON-DAY, AND EVENING.

MORNING.

"God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness,
hath shined in our hearts."

- 129.** THE star of morn to night succeeds,
We, then, as humble suppliants pray,
May GOD in all our words and deeds
Keep us from harm throughout the day.
May He in love restrain us still
From tones of strife and words of ill;
And wrap around and close our eyes
To earth's absorbing vanities.
Be the heart's shrine all pure within,
Nor sinful folly e'er come near;
Let cup subdued and scanty food
The rebel soul and flesh outwear.
So when the day has passed away,
And eve the stilly night shall bring,
From this world wean'd, from mischief screen'd,
We may GOD's endless glory sing.
To GOD the FATHER and the SON,
His Well-beloved, glory be;
And glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Now, and throughout eternity.

"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee,
and will look up."

- 130.** AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
Thy precious time, mis-spent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;

Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thine own light to others shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my GOD attend.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

AT THE THIRD HOUR.

" He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love."

131. O SPIRIT, Fount of holy love,
Of grace the Source Divine !
Pour down Thy radiance from above,
And in our spirits shine.

Thou in the bond of love dost bind,
The FATHER and the SON ;
Let mutual love inspire our mind,
That we may all be one.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

AT THE SIXTH HOUR.

"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

- 132.** Now the sun on high is gleaming,
 Now his brightest rays are streaming;
 O CHRIST, true Sun, new risen, bright!
 The world illumine with floods of light.
 Cause that the light of truth may shine
 Pure in our bosom's inmost shrine;
 Grant that our love may ever grow,
 And still with mid-day splendour glow.
 Now to the FATHER and the SON,
 Be glory while the ages run;
 The same, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
 Through ages of eternity.
-

"The Lord prepared His throne in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all."

- 133.** LORD of eternal truth and might,
 Ruler of Nature's changing scheme!
 Who dost bring forth the morning light,
 And temper noon's effulgent beam;
 Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
 And bid the heat of passion cease;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 Our souls preserve in perfect peace.
 FATHER of mercies, hear our cry;
 Hear us, O Sole-begotten SON!
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.
-

AT THE NINTH HOUR.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

- 134.** Now the day's declining wheel
 Doth to night's dim cavern roll;
 Thus hours, days, and seasons steal,—
 Life is hurrying to the goal.

CHRIST, Who, nailèd to Thy Cross,
 Callest us to Thee to fly,
 Make us count this world but dross,
 Be it ours in Thee to die.

To GOD the FATHER glory be,
 With His Sole Co-equal SON,
 In the SPIRIT's unity,
 Ever blessed Three in One.

EVENING.

"Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed
 on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee."

135. GOD, of all the Strength and Stay,
 Who, unmov'd, dost motion sway,
 Dost the day-light hours divide,
 And in due succession guide;
 Give at eve Thy sunshine bright,
 Shed o'er death Thine holy light;
 So our day may ne'er go down,
 So our life may glory crown.
 Gracious FATHER, grant this boon
 Grant it, Sole Co-equal SON,
 With the SPIRIT, thron'd on high,
 GOD through all eternity.

"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid."

136. ALL praise to Thee, my GOD, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.
 Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with Heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my GOD a grateful song.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest; for it is
Thou, LORD, only that makest me to dwell in safety."

137. SUN of my soul! Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One;
Eternal praise to each be given,
By all on earth and all in Heaven.

"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

138. AND now the day is past and gone,
Holy GOD, we bow to Thee;
Again as nightly shades come on,
To Thy sheltering side we flee.

For all the ills this day hath done
Let our bitter sorrow plead,
And keep us from the wicked one,
When ourselves we cannot heed.

Ravening he prowls Thy fold around,
In his watchful circuitings:
FATHER, this night may we be found
'Neath the shadow of Thy wings.

O when shall that Thy day have come,
Day ne'er sinking to the west;
That country and that Heavenly home,
Where no foe shall break our rest?

Now to the FATHER and the SON
We our feeble voice would raise,
With HOLY SPIRIT join'd in One,
And from age to age would praise.

On the Holy Eucharist.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

- 139.** SING we that blest Body broken,
 Our weak soul's mysterious food;
 And the words our King hath spoken,
 Gifting us with His own Blood,
 His true presence to betoken,
 And our holy brotherhood.
 Born for us, and for us given,
 Of a Virgin undefiled,
 Scattering precious seed from Heaven,
 Sojourned He in this world's wild;
 On that much remembered even,
 He His wondrous course fulfilled.
 Meekly to the law complying,
 He had finished its commands;
 And to them at supper lying
 Gave Himself with His own hands,
 A memorial of His dying,
 Thenceforth unto all the lands.
 GOD the Word by one word maketh
 Bread His very Flesh to be;
 And whoso that Cup partaketh
 Tastes the Fount of Calvary;
 While the carnal mind forsaketh,
 Faith receives the Mystery.
 Unto that His presence veiled,
 Draw we nigh with heads bowed low,
 All that Paschal rites entailed
 Yield to higher blessings now;
 Earthly touch and sight have failed—
 Faith adores, nor questions how.
 Power ascribe we, praise, and blessing,
 Both to FATHER, and to SON;

**HOLY SPIRIT, Thee addressing,
One with them, as LORD alone;
This right faith we hold, confessing
Persons three in Substance One.**

The Conversion of S. Paul.

"The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up, and the wild beast of the field devour it. Turn Thee again, Thou God of Hosts, look down from heaven, behold, and visit this Vine."

140. 'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing,
Saul, what madness drives thee on?

Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the sinless One:

O, how shortly

Shall He make His vengeance known!

**See the LORD from Heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low ;**

See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow.

See him rising

Friend to CHRIST, no longer foe.

**Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
O, how fierce his anger burned ;**

Now that he has lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth has learned,

The destroyer

Now into a lamb is turned.

**CHRIST, Thy power is man's salvation,
And Thy love is here made known,
He who wrought such desolation,
That Thy cause might be o'erthrown,**

Now converted,

Makes that sacred cause his own.

**Praise the FATHER, GOD of Heaven,
Him Who reigns supreme on high ;
Praise the SON, for sinners given,
Both to suffer and to die ;**

Praise the SPIRIT.

Who prepares us for the sky.

"Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

- 141.** WHY, SAVIOUR, dost Thou come
 Descending from the sky?
 Canst Thou have left Thy heavenly home
 Again for man to die?
 Or see we drawing near
 The dreadful day of doom,
 When Thou the Avenger shalt appear,
 The guilty to consume?
 On milder vengeance bent,
 Thou camest from above,
 To bid the hardened heart relent,
 And slaughter change to love.
 The spoiler fallen lies
 Before Thy glorious ray,
 A shepherd of the flock to rise,—
 The flock he sought to slay.
 From all the Heavenly host,
 And all on earth below,
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Let endless praises flow.
-

Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

"Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the LORD, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in. Behold, He shall come, saith the LORD of Hosts."

- 142.** O SION! open wide thy gates;
 Let figures disappear,
 A Priest and Victim both in one,
 The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed—

Behold, the FATHER'S SON
Himself to His own altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His LORD so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's Hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the mother blest,
Of the yet silent Word;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the FATHER and the SON;
Praise to the SPIRIT be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning,
and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord."

143. SWEET incense breathes around,

The coming LORD to greet;
And Sion, through her sacred bound,
Awakes her GOD to meet,
Arise ye then, ye wakeful quires,
And early light your altar fires.

Let faith with glistening eye,
Trim up her torch so bright;
And flame-encircled charity
Breathe out her glowing light;
And white-robed innocence be there,
To pour its sweetest incense prayer.

Why love to linger here—
These guilty days prolong?—

More blessed far yon dying seer,
 Be ours his parting song;
 And He, Whom here by faith we see,
 Shall our eternal portion be.
 To GOD the FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, glory be;
 To the eternal Three in One,
 To all eternity!
 Blest TRINITY, to Thee we raise
 Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Sion, for lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord."

144. THIS is the day, the solemn day,
 Which GOD appointed to convey,
 Such news as made our sorrows cease
 Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,
 To certain death consigned us all;
 From certain death mankind to save,
 His only SON JEHOVAH gave.

Yea, He Who was the Eternal's SON,
 Ere time had yet its course begun,
 Our life of pain and weakness bore,
 Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on Him our mortal state,
 That He might bear the sinner's fate,
 That so His Blood in ransom given,
 Might take away the wrath of Heaven.

Yes, He, the infinite great GOD,
 In human flesh awhile abode,
 That we might high in glory dwell
 He came as our Immanuel.

Redeemer of the world, to Thee
 All praise and glory rendered be;
 And to the FATHER, King of Heaven,
 And HOLY GHOST, all praise be given.

"Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and was found in fashion as a man."

145. CAST out from Eden's happy home,
 Through earth's bleak wilderness to roam,
 In deepest gloom our guilty race
 Wandered afar from light and grace.
 Lo! Heaven's own King doth Heaven forsake,
 A Body to Himself doth take,
 And thus to lead the exiles home,
 To share their banishment is come.
 The wanderers His hand doth guide,
 Upholds them lest their footsteps slide;
 Himself the Way, their path to tend,
 And bring them to Himself, the End.
 O Thou Supreme, Eternal GOD,
 Now veiled in mortal flesh and blood,
 Give us pure hearts, that we may see
 Thy hidden Light of Deity!
 Incarnate SAVIOUR, GOD and Friend,
 To Thee adoring praise ascend!
 Like praise be to the FATHER given,
 And HOLY GHOST, in earth and Heaven.

Nativity of S. John the Baptist.

"O Sion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength, lift it up, be not afraid, say unto the cities of Judah, 'Behold your God!'"

146. Lo, from the desert homes
 Where he hath hid so long,

The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong.
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

Your GOD e'en now doth stand,
Within heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor ;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows,
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads ;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads,
Make His ways plain,
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

Let thy dread voice around,
Thou Harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

O GOD, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
CHRIST's soldiers for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
Thrice blessed Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally.

"Among them that are born of woman, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist."

147. O BLESSED Saint of snow-white purity!

Dweller in wastes forlorn,

O mightiest of the martyr host on high!

Greatest of prophets born!

Of all the diadems that on the brows

Of saints in glory shine,

Not one with brighter, purer lustre glows

In Heaven's high court than thine.

O gracious LORD, Thy tender, pitying gaze

Cast down from Thy dread throne:

Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged ways,

And break our hearts of stone.

So may the world's Redeemer find us meet

To offer Him a place,

Where He may set His ever-blessed feet,

Coming with gifts of grace.

Praise in the Heavens to Thee, O First and Last,

The Trine Eternal GOD!

Spare, JESU, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast

Redeemèd with Thy Blood.

S. Michael and all Angels.

"His throne was like the fiery flame; thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him."

148. CHRIST! in highest Heaven enthroned,

Equal of Thy FATHER's might,

By pure spirits, trembling, owned,

GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,

Thee 'mid angel-hosts we sing,

Thee, their Maker and their King.

All who circling round adore Thee,

All who bow before Thy throne,

Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,

Thy behests to carry down.

To and fro 'twixt earth and Heaven,
Speed they each on errands given.

First of all those legions glorious,
Michael waves his sword of flame,
Who of old in war victorious
Did the dragon's fierceness tame ;
Who with might invincible
Thrust the rebel down to hell.

" Who like GOD ? " the archangel shouted,
This the word that pealed on high,
When the apostate armies routed,
Fell tumultuous from the sky ;
GOD, by Whom the fight was won,
Gave the triumph and the crown.

First of all the winged creation,
More than other angels fair,
Thou to GOD hast nearer station,
In His counsels deeper share ;
Thou Heaven openest, thou the dead
Dost to CHRIST's tribunal lead.

Thou to aid the sick and dying,
Sent from Heaven dost swiftly fly,
Grace divine and strength supplying
In their mortal agony :
Souls released from bondage here,
Thou to Paradise dost bear.

To the FATHER praise be given.
By the unfallen angel-host,
Who in His great war have striven
With the legions of the lost,
Equal praise in highest Heaven
To the SON and HOLY GHOST.

" I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of My FATHER, Which is in Heaven."

149. WHERE the angelic hosts adore Thee,
Thou o'er earth and Heaven dost reign,

At Thy word they rose before Thee,
 And Thy breath doth them sustain
 From high angels Thee attending,
 Thou dost faithful guardians send,
 In mysterious ways descending,
 May they keep us to the end.
 Keep us, else with wiles deceiving
 The persuader of all ill,
 Round his deadly meshes weaving,
 The lost soul will rend and kill.
 All creation bows before Thee,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST;
 Highest angels that adore Thee,
 Succour and sustain the lost.

All Saints' Day.

"And there shall be no more night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

150. O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
 Of everlasting halls,
 Thrice blessed are the people
 Thou storest in Thy walls!
 Thou art the golden mansion,
 Where saints for ever sing!
 The seat of GOD's own chosen,
 The palace of the King.
 There GOD for ever sitteth,
 Himself of all the Crown;
 The Lamb the light that shineth,
 And never goeth down.
 Nought to this seat approacheth
 Their sweet peace to molest;
 They sing their GOD for ever,
 Nor day nor night they rest.

Calm hope from thence is leaning,
To her our longings bend ;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To CHRIST the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below,
To FATHER, and to SPIRIT,
All things created bow.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their FATHER."

151. How bright those glorious spirits shine,
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from suffering great,
Who came to realms of light ;
And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing,
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With Alleluias ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock
 Where living streams appear;
 And GOD the LORD from every eye
 Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

"Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant."

152. SPOUSE of CHRIST, in arms contending

O'er each clime beneath the sun,
 Blend with prayers for help ascending
 Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices,
 All her saints in one to join,
 So from earth let all our voices
 Rise in melody divine.

Mary leads the sacred story,
 Mary, with her heavenly Child,
 Sharer with Him now in glory
 Maid and Mother undefiled.

Angels next, in due gradation
 Of their nine-fold ministry,
 Hymn the FATHER of creation,
 Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
 More than prophet owned to be,
 Patriarchs and seers in chorus,
 Swell the angelic harmony.

Near to CHRIST the Apostles seated,
 Trampling on the powers of hell,
 By the promise now completed,
 Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
 Martyrs purpled in their gore,

Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

Priests and Levites, Gospel preachers,
And Confessors numberless,
Prelates meek and holy teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.

Virgin souls by high profession
To the Lamb devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession
At the marriage-feast appear.

All are blest together praising
GOD's eternal Majesty,
Thrice repeated anthems raising
To the all-holy TRINITY.

So may we with hearts devoted,
Serve our GOD in holiness;
So may we by GOD promoted,
Share that Heaven which they possess.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

153. WHO are these like stars appearing,
These before GOD's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing—
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in GOD's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not with sinful throng.

These, who well the fight sustained
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the GOD they glorified ;
Now their painful conflict o'er,
GOD has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Kings and priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command.
Now in GOD's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

154. O JESU, Source of sanctity,
In Whom Thy servants live,
All glory for Thy saints to Thee,
SAVIOUR of men, we give.
All glory for Thine angel train,
Who Heaven's high temple throng ;
All glory for those ancient men,
Bards of prophetic song.
All glory for the messenger
Who came Thy face before ;
For the blest Virgin glory, her
Who the Incarnate bore.
All glory for Thy chosen band,
To whom the charge was given,
To publish peace from land to land,
And ope the gates of Heaven.
For Thy meek priests a goodly choir,
For them, whose annals boast
Youth, maiden mild, and hoary sire,
The Martyrs' noble host.

For these, for all Thy saints Thy Name
 We laud, and pray that we,
 Strong in Thy strength may follow them,
 As they have followed Thee.

Commemoration of Apostles.

"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."

155

THE LORD's eternal gifts,
 The Apostles' mighty praise,
 Their victories and high reward,
 Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the churches they;
 Triumphant chiefs of war,
 Brave soldiers of the Heavenly court,
 True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saints' high faith,
 And quenchless hope's pure glow
 And perfect charity, which laid
 The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the FATHER shone,
 In them the SON o'ercame,
 In them the HOLY SPIRIT wrought,
 And filled their hearts with flame.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, glory be;
 As was, and is, and shall be so,
 Through all eternity.

"Who maketh the clouds His chariot and walketh upon the wings of the wind; He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire."

156.

DISPOSER Supreme,
 And Judge of the earth,
 Who chooseth for Thine
 The weak and the poor;

To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure :

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
They at Thy decree
Are broken and gone ;
Then brightly appeareth
The Arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking
The lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the wind
About the world go ;
All full of Thy Godhead
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

They thunder—their sound
It is CHRIST the LORD !
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall !
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.

O loud be Thy tramp,
And stirring the sound
To rouse us, O LORD,
From sin's deadly sleep ;
May lights which Thou kindlest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep.

All glory to Thee
Who art hid from sight,

Yet fillest with love
 The vast infinite;
 And for us revealed
 As One, and yet Three,
 Dost call us from darkness
 Thy glory to see.

"O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness, let the whole earth stand in awe of Him. Tell it out among the heathen that the LORD is King."

157. YE captains of a Heavenly host,
 Ye princes of a Heavenly hall,
 Stars of the world in darkness lost,
 And judges at its funeral.

Lights rising o'er a wintry night
 With tidings of eternal youth,
 On error's long-bewildered sight,
 Emerging with the lamp of truth.

Captains—but not of spear and shield,
 No rebel hosts with steel to tame,
 No arms of eloquence to wield,
 Nought but the lowly cross of shame.

The chain is riven, and broke the rod,
 The world's long stern captivity,
 And we are free to serve our GOD,
 Whose yoke alone is liberty.

To distant lands His heralds fleet,
 By GOD's mysterious presence led;
 How beauteous are their passing feet,
 Like morn upon the mountains spread.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 All glory be as was of old,
 Who calleth us in darkness lost,
 His saving glory to behold.

Commemoration of Evangelists.

"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

- 158.** CHRIST's everlasting messengers,
 Who from the opening skies,
 Traverse the earth in showers of light,
 And sow with mysteries ;
 The things discerned by seers of old
 Behind the shadowy screen,
 In noon-day clear have ye beheld
 With not a veil between.
 The things which GOD as man hath borne,
 Which man as GOD hath done,
 Ye write, as GOD inspires, to all
 Who see the circling sun.
 Though far in space and time apart,
 One Spirit sways you all ;
 And we in those blest characters
 Hear now that living call.
 Glory to GOD, the Three in One !
 All glory be to Thee,
 Who from our darkness callest us
 Thy wondrous light to see.

Commemoration of Apostles and Evangelists in the Paschal Season.

"And ye now therefore have sorrow : but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

- 159.** THE Apostles wept with hearts forlorn
 The Bridegroom to the burial borne,
 Whom with that death of blood and pain
 His servants' wicked hands had slain.
 Yet had the weeping Marys heard
 The angel's sure and welcome word,

"The LORD, His own full speedily
Will visit with heart-gladdening eye."

E'en now as fast they bear along
The tidings to the downcast throng,
Lo, JESUS' glistening form they meet
And run to clasp their SAVIOUR'S Feet.

Swift to the Galilean height
The Apostles speed their eager flight,
And of their heart's desire possess'd,
With JESUS' kindly light are blest.

O, JESU blest, to every breast
Unceasing Paschal gladness be ;
From blasting breath of sin and death
The new-born sons of life set free.

FATHER, to Thee all glory be,
And SON, Who from the dead art raised,
And SPIRIT blest, with Both confest,
One GOD, through endless ages praised.

"And with great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the LORD JESUS : and great peace was upon them all."

160. Now daily shines the sun more fair,
Recalling that blest time,
When CHRIST on His Apostles shone,
In radiant light sublime.

They in His Body see His Wounds
Like stars divinely glow ;
Then forth, as His true witnesses,
Throughout the world they go.

O CHRIST ! Thou King most merciful !
Our inmost souls possess ;
So may we with due songs of praise
Thy Name for ever bless.

Keep us, O JESU, from the death
Of sin ; and deign to be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new-born in Thee.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,
Who from the dead arose !
Praise to the Blessed Paraclete,
While age on ages flows.

Commemoration of Martyrs.

"He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment: and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before My FATHER, and before His angels."

161. FEAR no more for the torturer's hand
Nor the dungeon dark that bound thee;
The choirs of heaven about thee stand,
Bright shining homes surround thee.
Fear no more for the clanking chain,
Thou art free as light of Heaven;
The stripes that marked thy frame with pain,
For rays of thy crown are given.
Fear no more for stern cold, nor need,
Nor for nakedness for ever;
CHRIST's pure light doth clothe thee and feed,
And shall no more from thee sever.
Lo, He stands at His martyr's side,
Death with nobler life surrounding,
And takes him with Him to abide,
The dread tyrant's wrath confounding.
To GOD on high be honour done,
In the height all height exceeding;
To FATHER, SON, and Holy One
From FATHER and SON proceeding.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation: and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the LAMB."

162. Of the martyrs we sing,
Whom the purple adorns;
Who have followed their King,
In His dread Crown of Thorns.

Now their storms are all past,
And their dark sea of blood
Hath conveyed them, at last,
To their haven of good,

Though the tyrant be stern,
Yet they fear not his rod,
For their fears nought discern
But the terrors of God.

When fierce foe-men pursue,
Their life-blood they afford,
As an offering due
To their suffering LORD.

Thus the love which remains,
Must CHRIST's Body fulfil,
Till the last drop it drains
In His cup of all ill.

He, for us Who was spent,
In His fulness complete,
Shall Himself then present,
For His FATHER made meet.

Dread JEHOVAH we sing,
In CHRIST JESUS made known
Of all martyrs the King,
Of all martyrs the Crown.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

- 163.** How happy the mortal
Through pains and dismay,
Who hath burst the portal
To regions of day.
Where death hath benighted,
Ere life's sun went down,
The faith that he plighted,
With death he doth crown.
Our weak spirits languish
At the sound of death's feet;

But thou the stern anguish
 Dost go forth to meet.
 Yet nothing confounded
 With rack and with chains,
 Where death hath abounded
 With tortures and pains.
 Lo ! from highest heaven,
 His champion to own,
 Between the clouds riven,
 Is CHRIST looking down.
 His hand hath He holden,
 Where weak nature fails ;
 His Spirit doth embolden,
 And in him prevails.
 Shall we then soft-hearted
 Seek ease and repose,
 And sing the departed
 In death and stern woes ?
 Let such themes of wonder
 Arouse us from sleep,
 Lest, woke by death's thunder
 We wake but to weep.
 Great FATHER, SON, SPIRIT,
 The Ancient of days,
 May we Thee inherit,
 And sing of Thy praise.

"Have not I commanded thee ? be strong and of a good courage : be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

164. SING we the Martyrs blest,
 Their blood for JESUS poured ;
 Sing we their glorious victories,
 And infinite reward.

Treading the world beneath,
 Spurning the body's pain,
 'Twas theirs, in martyrdom's brief space
 Eternal joys to gain.

To raging flames consigned,
 And ruthless beasts a prey;
 Their sacred flesh, by savage hooks
 Torn piece by piece away.

With racking anguish worn,
 Unmoved they still endure;
 Unmoved continue, in the grace
 Of endless life secure.

SAVIOUR! to us vouchsafe,
 Of Thy dear clemency,
 A portion with Thy Martyr Saints,
 Through all eternity.

Commemoration of Bishops.

"Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof not by constraint but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind: neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock."

165. JESU! Who didst Thy pastor crown,
 And send on him Thy blessing down,
 Hear us, we pray!
 Thou art Thyself the Diadem,
 Radiant with many a living gem
 And heavenly ray.

Proof of his love, and pledge of Thine,
 He bears the mission from Thy shrine,
 Thy staff to hold;—
 The charge of Thine own ransomed sheep
 Which Thee the FATHER gave to keep,—
 And guard Thy fold.

He knows them all, of them is known,
 He knows and goes before his own,
 By stream and rock,
 To lead, and sheltered pastures give;
 They hear, they follow, and they live,
 A gentle flock.

When one hath wandered from his sight,
He seeketh it, both day and night
The mountains round ;
And joy repayeth all his fears,
When to the fold he homewards bears
The lost and found.

The roaring beasts he sets afar,
And wolves, that with more treacherous war,
Come prowling nigh ;
Their guileful arts he knows full well—
Ready with his dear flock to dwell,
For them to die.

Oft as the unbloody Sacrifice
He offers up, of countless price,
And shares the feast ;
Himself he on the altar lays,
And his own flock, with prayer and praise,
A holy Priest.

All praise to Thee, the Priest Supreme,
Through Whom alone all blessings stream,
The Eternal SON ;
And may Thy ransomed heritage
Thy glory sing from age to age,
GOD, Three in One.

"Who is a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."

166. CHRIST, by Thy FATHER's high decree
Seal'd the great Priest to be,
Who chooseth Thine own ministry,
And formest them to Thee :

Where shall we find a faithful breast,
Meet for Thy high behest ?
Fit worldly meed by worth to claim,
A lov'd and honour'd name :

Yet loath and weeping doth he stand,
 Led by Thy guiding hand,
 To take from Thee the pastor's crown,
 And terrible renown.

Well taught the dangers that surround
 That high and heavenly ground,
 Beneath the absorbing cares to groan,
 Of all men but his own.

By fervent love unquiet made.
 On every need of aid,
 To his dear flock he instant flies
 On wings of charities;

And while his words the faith reveal,
 His actions set the seal,
 GOD's house is fragrant with the breath
 Of CHRIST's life-giving death.

The lame man's staff, the blind man's sight,
 The sinner's guiding light.
 A Father, prompt to hear each call,
 And all things made to all!

Pastor of pastors, Who didst bleed
 With Thee Thy flock to feed,
 May we Thy pastures evermore
 Attain by Thee the door.

Commemoration of Just Men, &c.

"I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

167. BE not afraid, ye little flock,
 Though poor and profitless your lives.
 Let not distrust your sorrows mock,
 A FATHER's love the kingdom gives.

Lo, now there reigns among the blest,
 Who once was like yourselves below.--

By self-abasement and unrest
 CHRIST's wisdom taught in school of woe.
 In penitence his soul to save
 He fixed his eyes on Him before
 Where, through life's dim and shadowy cave,
 His LORD the bleeding burden bore.
 Upon his lips did love preside
 Or silence sit with charity:
 In lap of want he loved to hide
 What he would to himself deny.
 His food it was the Heavenly word;
 He searched the Book of Truth and Love,
 Till watchful prayer would wings afford,
 And he would be with them above.
 This is the narrow way to heaven,
 O holy Godhead, holy Three,
 The Three in One, to us be given,
 Thus by this way to come to Thee.

"Hearken, O daughter, and consider: incline thine ear
 forget also thine own people, and thy father's house."

168. REGARD our vows with gracious eye,
 O JESUS! Crown of purity;
 Son of that chosen Woman, who
 Was virgin chaste, and mother too.
 Midst lilies Thou dost love to be;
 Pure virgins round Thy throne we see,
 O Glorious Bridegroom, Who dost bless
 Thy brides with endless happiness.
 Which way so'er Thy course doth bend,
 Chaste virgins on Thy steps attend;
 Who following the LAMB do raise
 Their notes in sweetest hymns of praise.
 Hear us, O GOD of charity!
 From impure passions set us free;
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 And bend our senses to the soul.

To JESUS from a Virgin sprung,
Be glory given and praises sung,
The same to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally.

"Blessed are they that shall be called to the Marriage Supper of the LAMB."

169. To the LAMB's festival
GOD doth His people call ;
Blest she who hears that nuptial song,
And sits those guests among.

Love is her bridal tie,
Her dower is poverty ;
Mid earthly clouds she heavenward springs,
And treads on human things.

Stern hardihood she wears,
And penitential tears,
With fasting girt, as with a zone,
Her heavenly race to run.

Unto the Crucified
She looks like faithful bride,
Prepar'd, where'er He leads the way,
To suffer and obey.

Blest they, whom GOD above
Doth bind with cords of love :
Them shall the Heavenly-Bridegroom own,
In soul and body one.

This union grant to me
Thrice Holy, One and Three :
Ye fill the universe so wide,
But with the meek abide !

Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

"I saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

170. BLESSED City, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilt,
 Art the joy of heaven above :
 And, with angel cohorts circled,
 As a Bride to earth dost move :
 From celestial realms descending,
 Ready for the nuptial bed,
 To His presence decked with jewels,
 By her LORD shall she be led :
 All her streets and all her bulwarks
 Of pure gold are fashioned.
 Bright with pearls her portal glitters :
 It is open evermore :
 And by virtue of His merits
 Thither faithful souls may soar,
 Who, for CHRIST's dear Name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.
 Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polished well those stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly Architect;
 Who therewith hath willed for ever
 That His palace should be decked.
 CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
 And the precious Corner-stone ;
 Who, the two-fold walls surmounting
 Binds them closely into one ;
 Holy Sion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.
 All that dedicated City
 Dearly loved by GOD on high,

In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody :
 GOD the One, and God the Trinal
 Singing everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day !
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear Thy servants as they pray :
 And Thy fullest benedictions
 Shed within these walls for aye.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 That they supplicate to gain :
 Here to have and hold for ever
 Those good things their prayers obtain ;
 And hereafter, in Thy glory,
 With Thy blessed ones to reign.

Laud and honour to the FATHER,
 Laud and honour to the SON,
 Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
 Ever Three and ever One :
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,
 While unending ages run.

"Surely the LORD is in this place . . . How dreadful is this place ! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."

171. O WORD of GOD above,
 Who fillest all in all,
 Hallow this house with Thy sure love,
 And bless our Festival.

Grace in this Font is stored
 To cleanse each guilty child,
 The SPIRIT's blest anointing poured
 Brightens the once-defiled.

Here CHRIST, of His own Blood
 Himself the Chalice gives,
 And feeds His own with Angels' Food
 On which the spirit lives.

For guilty souls that pine
 Sure mercies here abound,
 And healing grace, with oil and wine,
 For every secret wound.

Yea, GOD, enthroned most high,
 Here also dwells to bless,
 Here trains the souls that contrite sigh
 His mansions to possess.

No wintry storm nor shower
 Shall harm this holy home,
 Nor, worse than they, the evil power
 Which dwells within the gloom.

All might, all praise be Thine,
 The GOD Whom all adore ;
 The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT Divine,
 Both now and evermore.

S. Mary Magdalene.

172. SAD Mary feels in her own breast,
 Her Master's bleeding wounds ;
 Love stronger burns by griefs opprest,
 And now with tears abounds.

No raging crowds her spirit meek,
 No deeds of blood appal ;
 Mid soldiers fierce she dares to see
 A hated Criminal.

Ah, Mary, thou dost little know,
 What good doth thee surround,
 Seeking the dead, while death e'en now,
 Receives his mortal wound.

He Whom thou lovest, thee shall claim.
 Aroused from death's cold sleep,
 Thee first He calls, thee by thy name,
 And bids thee not to weep.

O might I touch Thy sacred feet,
 Adoring, cling to Thee!—
 Nay, raise thy thoughts to joys more meet
 For immortality.

The promises are fully wrought,
 First of Apostles thou;
 Sent to Apostles, by thee taught
 The tidings glad to know.

All love and glory be to Thee,
 The FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
 Co-equal, Co-eternal Three,
 Thrice blessed Holy One.

The Transfiguration.

173. How tenderly, how patiently,
 JESU, Thou winnest souls to Thee:
 Now for our sakes as GOD revealed,
 Now in deep lowliness concealed.

By the same voice which JESUS owns,
 We too are all adopted sons;
 The glory which in Him we see,
 Is pledged to us eternally.

What hear we from the cloud above?
 What on the mount doth JESUS prove?
 Shadows and types were past and gone,
 The truth itself remained alone.

Obedient to the FATHER's will,
 The world's atonement to fulfil,
 Once more He lays His glory by,
 Returning to mortality.

O CHRIST, Whom now on earth we see
 Through faith's dark glass imperfectly,
 Grant us, when freed from earth's alloy,
 To see Thee face to face with joy.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS

FOR THE SEASON FROM

Trinity to Advent.

"The SPIRIT itself helpeth our infirmities."

174. HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of Light,
From Thy heavenly dwelling bright
Thy pure beaming radiance give :
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

Light Immortal, Light Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill :
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay ;
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend :
Give them comfort when they die ;
Give them life with Thee on high ;
Give them joys which never end.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

- 175.** BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the Blest !

And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :

Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around :

There GOD our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever
And worship face to face.

"And he showed me that great City, the Holy Jerusalem,
descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God :
and her light was like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

- 176.** To thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep :
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :
The mention of thy glory,
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
-

O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy :
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small ;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardis and the topaz,
Unite in thee their rays :
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced ;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-Stone is CHRIST.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages,
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

"The Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it: and
His servants shall serve Him."

177. JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest :
Thy joys, when I would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints ;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, these halls of Sion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an Angel,
 And many a Martyr throng :
 The Prince is ever in them ;
 The light is aye serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem, the glorious !
 The glory of the elect !
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect :
 O land that seest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'st no strife !
 O princely bowers ! Land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

"Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden,
 and I will refresh you."

178. ALL ye who seek a certain cure
 In trouble and distress,
 Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
 Or guilt the soul oppress :

JESUS, Who gave Himself for you,
 Upon the Cross to die,
 Opens to you His sacred Heart :
 Oh ! to that heart draw nigh !

Ye hear how kindly He invites ;
 Ye hear His words so blest—
 "All ye that labour, come to Me,
 And I will give you rest."

O JESUS ! Joy of Saints on high !
 Thou Hope of sinners here !
 Attracted by those loving words,
 To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
 Which forth from Thee doth flow ;
 New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
 And better heart bestow.

"The love of CHRIST constraineth us."

179. To CHRIST, the Prince of Peace,
 And SON of GOD most High,
 The FATHER of the world to come,
 Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His Heart for us,
 The wound of love He bore :
 That love which still He kindles in
 The hearts that Him adore.

O JESU ! Victim blest !
 What else but love Divine
 Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That sacred Heart of Thine ?

O Fount of endless Life !
 O Spring of waters dear !
 O Flame Celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near !

Hide me in Thy dear heart,
 For thither do I fly;
 There seek Thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

Praise to the FATHER be;
 Praise to His Only SON;
 Praise to the Blessed Paraclete,
 While endless ages run.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

- 180.** O GOD! O FATHER, kind and best
 What we should ask of Thee suggest;
 And, when Thy servants rightly pray,
 Oh! ne'er Thy loving gifts delay.
- A heart in penitence brought low,
 And streams of sorrowing tears bestow,
 To wash our sinful conscience clear
 From all the guilt and shame we fear.
- The grace of faith in us renew,
 And with unfailing strength endue;
 So ne'er our constancy shall fail,
 Though very Antichrist assail.
- Grant us pure wisdom to attain,
 And fervent charity to gain;
 Oh! surest Heaven-descended sign
 Of them that please Thy Will Divine.
- Now Thy sweet promise we believe,
 How they that ask, shall more receive;
 So may Thine own free mercy grant
 All other gifts Thy servants want.
- All Honour, Glory, Might, and Power,
 Through countless ages evermore,
 To Thee, O FATHER! SON, to Thee,
 And SPIRIT Paraclete shall be.

"For we have not an High Priest Who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

181. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of GOD not made with hands,
A Great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Our SAVIOUR still, in Heaven above,
Pursues His mighty work of love.

The same that suffered here below,
Feels sympathy with human woe ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, His prayers, His agonies.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Praise we the FATHER ; praise the SON,
Our woes and weakness Who hath known ;
Let equal praise to Spirit Blest,
By men and angels be address.

"O LORD, hear my prayer : and let my crying come unto Thee."

182. FATHER of Heaven ! Whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty SON! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD!
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal SPIRIT! by Whose breath,
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

JEHOVAH! FATHER! SPIRIT! SON!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."

- 183.** MY GOD, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace:

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O Blessed JESU CHRIST,
Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving LORD ?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my GOD,
And my eternal King.

"The LORD is my Shepherd."

184. O GOD of Bethel ! by Whose Hand
Thy people still are fed,—
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
GOD of our Fathers ! be the GOD
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering Wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at Thy ever-blessed abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious Hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen GOD,
And Portion evermore.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness: and Thy clouds drop fatness."

185. LORD of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet, holy thoughts, supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the KING of Kings:
So, LORD, to those who sleep in Thee,
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels, at the last,
The tares into the furnace cast;
The righteous then, with light divine,
Shall in their FATHER's kingdom shine.

Daily, O LORD, our prayers are said,
As Thou hast taught, for "daily bread:"
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need:
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

186. THERE is a Book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes, and Christian hearts.

The works of GOD, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How GOD Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
And all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The SAVIOUR lends the light and heat,
That crowns His holy hill;
The Saints, like stars, around His Seat,
Perform their courses still.

Thou Who hast given us eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the heavenly host.

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

- 187.** LET every heart exulting beat
With joy at JESU's Name of bliss;
With every pure delight replete,
And passing sweet its music is.

JESUS, the comfortless consoles,
JESUS, each sinful fever quells,
JESUS, the power of hell controls,
JESUS, each deadly foe repels.

O speak His lofty Name abroad ;
JESUS, let every tongue confess ;
And let each heart and voice accord,
That health our maladies may bless.

JESUS ! the sinners' Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer ;
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
And all our dread transgressions spare.

Be Thy dear Name our sure defence,
From peril all our path assure,
Perfection to our life dispense,
From every stain preserve us pure.

O CHRIST ! all Glory unto Thee,
Refulgent with this Name Divine ;
All Honour, Worship, Majesty,
JESU ! Good LORD ! be ever Thine.

"If ye then be risen with CHRIST, seek those things which are above."

188. FATHER of Peace, and GOD of Love !
We own Thy power to save ;
That power by which the SAVIOUR rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Oh, may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy Will ;
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still.

Thus to perfection's sacred height,
 Still nearer may we rise ;
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in Thine Eyes.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,
 Blest SPIRIT, praise to Thee :
 Glory to GOD, the Three in One,
 To GOD, the One in Three.

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God."

189. HE Who once, in righteous vengeance,
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With the stream of His own Blood ;
 Coming from His Throne on high
 On the painful Cross to die.

Oh, the wisdom of the Eternal !
 Oh, its depth and height divine !
 Oh, the sweetness of that mercy,
 Which in JESUS CHRIST doth shine !
 The guilty slave was doomed to die—
 The good King pays the penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws,
 May this Blood, in that dread hour,
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.

Prince and Author of Salvation !
 LORD of Majesty Supreme !
 JESU ! praise to Thee be given,
 By the world Thou didst redeem :
 Who with the FATHER and SPIRIT,
 Reignest in eternal merit.

"Hosanna in the highest!"

- 190.** HOSANNA to the Living LORD!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To CHRIST, Creator, SAVIOUR, King,
Let earth, let Heaven hosanna sing!

Hosanna, LORD! Thine Angels cry;
Hosanna, LORD! Thy Saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

O SAVIOUR! with protecting care,
Abide in this, Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy Sacred Name.

But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Bid Thine eternal SPIRIT rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

So, in the last and dreadful Day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

"Not my will, but Thine be done."

- 191.** LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
-

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not truly Thine.

Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still,
Which grants it, or denies.

When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory: as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!"

192. GOD Eternal, LORD of all,
Lowly at Thy Feet we fall;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amidst the throng would be.

All the holy Angels cry—
Hail, thrice Holy, GOD Most High!
LORD of all the Heavenly Powers:
Be the same loud anthem ours!

Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise:
Hast Thou not a mission, too,
For Thy servants here to do?

With Thy Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine :
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy Cross are heard to boast :
Since so bright a crown they wear,
We Thy Cross on earth would bear.

All Thy Church in heaven and earth,
JESUS, hail Thy spotless birth,
Own the GOD Who all has made,
And the SPIRIT's soothing aid.

Offspring of a Virgin womb,
Slain, and Victor o'er the tomb,
Seated on the Judgment Throne,
Number us among Thine Own !

Day by day we magnify Thee,
And would evermore be nigh Thee :
Keep us from the Tempter's snare,
Spare Thy people, JESU, spare !

" Crucified with CHRIST."

193. THIS day the wondrous mystery
Is set before our eyes
Of JESUS, stretched upon the Cross
In dying agonies.

O deed of love! the Prince becomes
A Victim for His slave ;
The sinner an acquittal finds,
The innocent a grave.

Be His the banner under which
 From this time forth we fight
 Against the depths of Satan's guile
 And all the powers of night.

So dead to our old life, may we
 A better life begin ;
 And through the Cross of CHRIST at length
 His Heavenly Crown attain.

FATHER of Mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, Co-equal SON !
 Who reignest with the HOLY GHOST,
 While endless ages run.

" All generations shall call me blessed."

194. VIRGIN-BORN ! we bow before Thee ;
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee ;
 Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
 Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee ;
 Blessed was the hand that led Thee ;
 Blessed was the parent's eye,
 That watched Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she by all creation,
 Who brought forth the world's Salvation ;
 And blessed they—for ever blest,
 Who love Thee most and serve Thee best.

Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee ;
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee :
 Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
 Blessed was she in her Child.

*Hymns 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 59, 77, may also be
 used during the Season from Trinity to Advent.*



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